THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
At Ebensburg, Pa., by H. A. McPike.

Guaranteed Circulation - 1,128
AND STILL A BOOMING. MATCH IT?

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One copy, one year, cash in advance.....$1.50
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☞ Pay for your paper before you stop it, stop it you must. None but scalawags do oth erwise. Don't be a scalawag—life's too short.

Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

VOLUME XIII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1879. NUMBER 14.

Advertising Rates.

The large and rapidly increasing circulation of THE FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers. Advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:

1 inch, 3 times	$ 1.50
1 " 3 months	2.50
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JOB PRINTING of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't forget it.

ATTENTION
EVERYBODY!

We desire to inform the public in general that we have

Established a Big Store
—AT—
TUNNEL HILL,

and respectfully invite attention to the fact that it embraces

Much More in Quantity and Variety

than is usually kept in stores of the kind.

It is everywhere conceded by those who have given us a call that

Our Stock
IS NOT EQUALLED FOR
QUALITY, VARIETY and EXTENT

by any other stock in the neighborhood, and as we shall from time to time add new features and new lines of goods—shall always buy in large quantities and allow no reduction in stock—We hope by strict adherence to GOOD GOODS, CLOSE PRICES AND SQUARE DEALING TO MAKE OUR STORE THE GREAT POPULAR

HEADQUARTERS FOR
ALL KIND OF GOODS!

More than that, we shall endeavor to make it the interest of all classes to

DEAL WITH US PERMANENTLY

by carefully catering to their wants and wishes and treating them as we ourselves would wish to be treated in all matters pertaining to business.

TO FARMERS

We would say we have an unlimited demand for all kinds of grain and produce, and can offer them prices in advance of others in the business.

CASH PAID FOR GRAIN WHEN SO BARGAINED FOR

☞ We earnestly solicit the patronage of the public and pledge our best efforts in all transactions.

B. M. JOHNSTON & CO.

STORES: Hollidaysburg, Williamsburg, McKee's, Tunnel Hill.
FLOURING MILL—WILLIAMSBURG, PA.

January 24, 1879. 6m.

I MEAN
TO MAINTAIN
MY REPUTATION
AS THE CHEAPEST
CLOTHING MERCHANT!
IN BLAIR COUNTY.

MY OLD
CLOTHING HOUSE,
NEXT DOOR TO P. O.,
TWELFTH STREET, ALTOONA,
—IN A—
BLAZE OF GLORY!

NEW STOCK!
NEW OUTFIT!
NEW STYLES!

GRAND SPRING OPENING
—OF—
CLOTHING

For Spring and Summer Wear.

CALL EARLY AND SECURE A BARGAIN.

GODFREY WOLF,
NEXT DOOR TO P. O.,
TWELFTH STREET, - ALTOONA, PA.

April 4, 1879.-4t

GET ALL THE LIGHT YOU CAN
—ON THE SUBJECT OF—
Cheap Groceries!

By reading the advertisements, circulars, prices current, etc., of other dealers, and then go to

F. P. CONFER'S
MODEL GROCERY STORE!
1324 Eleventh Avenue,
Between 10th & 11th Sts., Altoona, Pa.,

where your patronage on a man who can supply them with the largest, most varied and complete stock of goods ever offered for sale in this city, comprising everything fresh and pure in the way of GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, Dried and Canned FRUITS, NOTIONS, &c., and does sell at prices fully as cheap as little cheaper than any other man or firm in the business, no matter where they reside or what inducements they offer.

An appeal for this liberal patronage heretofore conferred upon him by his friends in Cambria and vicinity, and hoping for a continuance of the same, the subscriber respectfully solicits everybody to call and examine goods and prices before buying at any other house.

F. P. CONFER.
Jan. 28, 1879. Model Grocery, Altoona, Pa.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that John O'Connell, of Cambria county, Pa., and Bridget, his wife, by voluntary assignment, have assigned the estate, real and personal, of the said John to N. J. Friedhoff, of Ebensburg, Pa., in trust for the benefit of the creditors of the said John O'Connell, and all persons indebted to the said John O'Connell will make payment to the undersigned, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement.

N. J. FRIEDHOFF,
Assignee of John O'Connell.

March 28, 1879.-6t.

POOR HOUSE DIRECTOR.—The undersigned offers himself as a candidate for the above office, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention. If nominated and elected he pledges himself to perform the duties of the office with honesty and fidelity.

P. J. SANDERS.

Ebensburg Twp., March 21, 1879.-t.e.

Fifteen Chromo Snowflake, &c., no 2 alike Chromo, &c., 10c. J. Minkler & Co., Nassau, N.Y.

CHEAP!
HEAPEST!
GEO. HUNTLEY
HAS NOW ON HAND THE
LARGEST, BEST AND MOST VARIED
STOCK OF
Hardware!
Stoves, Tinware,
HOUSEFURNISHING
&c., &c., that can be found in any one establishment in Pennsylvania. His stock comprises
COOK, PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES
of various styles and patterns;
Builders' Hardware
of every description and of best quality;
CARPENTERS' TOOLS!
of all kinds and the best in the market. Also, a large stock of
TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY,
Glassware, Queensware, Silver-Plated Ware, Wood and Willow Ware, Wall Paper, Trunks and Valises, Revolvers, Axles, Vises, Horse Shoes, Bar Iron, Rail Rod, Horse Nails, Carriage Bolts, Rivets, Mill Saws, Grindstones, Steel Shovel Plow Moulds, Road Scraps;
Mowing Machines, Horse Hay Rakes,
Horse Hay Forks, Rope and Pulleys, Corn Cultivators, and a full line of Harvesting Tools. Also, a large assortment of
Table, Floor and Stair Oil Cloths,
Carriage Oil Cloth,
PAPER AND OIL CLOTH WINDOW SHADING AND SHADE FIXTURES; LIVERPOOL ASHTON SALT, the best in the world for Dairy and Table use; MORGAN'S PATENT SALT LAMPS, the cheapest and best for loading Live Stock; LAND PLASTER; WELLAND CISTERN PUMPS, of the best quality; PERKINS' PATENT SAFETY LAMPS, which cannot be exploded; CHILLED WAGON AXLES AND CARTS; the largest stock of MILK CROCKS of all shapes and sizes and of superior ware ever offered for sale in Ebensburg; a full line of PAINT BRUSHES of the most desirable quality; WINDOW GLASS, OILS, PAINTS, TURPENTINE, VARNISHES, &c., together with a large and complete stock of choice
GROCERIES, TOBACCO AND SEGARS,
as well as thousands of other useful and needful articles. In fact, anything I haven't got or can't get at short notice is not worth having, and what I do offer for sale may always be relied on as STRICTLY CLASS IN QUALITY, while they will invariably be
SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES!
☞ Having had nearly THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE in the sale of goods in our line, I am enabled to supply my customers with the very best in the market. Give me a liberal share of your patronage, then, said be convinced that the best is always the cheapest, and that it never pays to buy an inferior article simply because the price is low, as it is an indisputable fact that such goods are always the dearest in the end.

GEO. HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, April 11, 1879.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, there will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on

SATURDAY, APRIL 26th, 1879,

At 1 o'clock, P. M., all the right, title and interest of James A. Smith, late of Gallitzin borough, deceased, of, in and to a Piece of Real Est. or Land situated in the said borough of Gallitzin, adjoining land of Penn'a Rail Road, James M'Caskey, and others, containing **3 Acres and 51 Perches,** with a two story FRAME HOUSE and STABLE thereon erected.

Terms of Sale.—One-third the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the residue in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by bond and mortgage.

JOHN A. SMITH,
[4-11.-3t.] Executor of JAMES A. SMITH, dec'd.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—J. S. Strayer, Assignee of P. F. Shaffer, vs. Jeremiah Crawley and Catharine Crawley, in the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County; No. 57, December Term, 1878. *Fend. Expos.*

And now, April 2d, 1879, on motion of Johnston & Senman, the Court appointed Joseph McDonald, Esq., an Auditor to report distribution of the money in the hands of the Sheriff arising from the sale of defendant's real estate. By the Court.

In pursuance of the above appointment, the Auditor will sit at the Court House, in Ebensburg, on Tuesday, the 6th day of May, 1879, at 1 o'clock, P. M., when and where parties interested may attend if they think proper.

JOSEPH McDONALD, Auditor.
Ebensburg, April 11, 1879.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—John Bradley, by Martin Woodley.—In the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County; No. 102, March Term, 1878. *Fend. Expos.*

And now, 2d April, 1879, Joseph McDonald, Esq., appointed Auditor to distribute funds in the hands of the Sheriff arising from the sale of defendant's real estate on above stated writ. In making distribution, to hear evidence and allow defendant such credits as may duly appear. By the Court.

In pursuance of the above appointment, the Auditor will sit at the Court House, in Ebensburg, on Tuesday, the 6th day of May, 1879, at 1 o'clock, P. M., when and where parties interested may attend if they think proper.

JOSEPH McDONALD, Auditor.
Ebensburg, April 11, 1879.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Having been appointed Auditor by the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county to report distribution of the money in the Sheriff's hands arising from the sale of the real estate of Lake Durbin, one of the defendants in the case of Charles Flick vs. John Durbin and Lake Durbin, No. 68 of March Term, 1879, *Attda Fi. Fa.*, on which the real estate of Lake Durbin was sold for the sum of $1,275.00, notice is hereby given to all parties interested that I will attend to the duties of that appointment, at my office in Ebensburg, on *Tuesday, May 6th, 1879*, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where all parties interested may attend if they see proper.

GEO. W. OATMAN, Auditor.
Ebensburg, April 9, 1879.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to report distribution of the fund in the hands of John T. Thomas, Administrator of John Evans, (Beulah,) deceased, to and amongst those legally entitled to receive the same, hereby notifies all parties interested that he will attend to the duties of said appointment, at his office in Ebensburg, on *Saturday, the 26th day of April, A. D. 1879*, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when and where all parties interested may attend if they see proper.

ALVIN EVANS, Auditor.
Ebensburg, April 11, 1879.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the account of James McCloskey, Assignee of Charles Johnston.

Having been appointed Auditor to report distribution of the money in the hands of said Assignee, as shown by his said account, notice is hereby given that I will attend to the duties of my appointment at my office in Ebensburg, on *Friday, May 2d, 1879*, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where all parties interested may attend if they see proper.

E. F. SHOEMAKER, Auditor.
Ebensburg, April 11, 1879.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Having been appointed Auditor by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to make distribution of the money filed to the account filed in the estate of A. A. Brooks, deceased, I hereby give notice that I will attend to the duties of that appointment, at my office in Ebensburg, on *Friday, May 2d, 1879*, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where all parties interested must present their claims or be forever debarred from coming in on this fund.

GEO. W. OATMAN, Auditor.
Ebensburg, April 9, 1879.-3t.

NOTICE!—Notice is hereby given that the first and partial account of Jacob Yeagle, Assignee of Paul Ellwanger, has been filed in the office of the Prothonotary of Cambria county and will be presented to the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, for allowance, on the first Monday of June next.

C. F. O'DONNELL, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, April 7, 1879.-3t.

NOTICE!—Notice is hereby given that the first account of D. A. Clark, Assignee of Silas Adams, has been filed in the office of the Prothonotary of Cambria county, and will be presented to the Court of Common Pleas of said county, for allowance, on Tuesday, the **13th** day of May next.

C. F. O'DONNELL, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, April 7, 1879.-3t.

A GERMAN DETECTIVE'S STORY.

I was standing in our office, behind my desk, when our chief entered the room with a letter in his hand, and addressed me with an invitation to undertake the unraveling of a mystery which had baffled the local police at T——. I consented and departed for the scene of the crime which had been committed, much limited, however, as to the time I was allowed for spending on the case.

Two hundred and fifty-five thousand marks had been stolen from the widow of a well-connected man named Friedow. Her villa stood outside the gates of a small town, and the lost property consisted chiefly in coupons and such value, together with a little coin. Her habit was to keep all papers of importance, as well as money, in a chest of drawers beside her bed. Her sleeping room was situated on the first floor and had but one window, which looked out upon the yard. Her confidential friends had often advised Frau Friedow to keep her gold at least in some safer place, but she had always resisted such counsel, and put no faith in banks or bankers. As to the safe, she had averred that if robbers did ever molest her, unless her trusty dog and her faithful Frederick, who was her factotum and the only male person upon her little property, could not protect her, an iron box would avail little beyond, perhaps, delaying the thieves in laying hold of what they wanted.

On the night of the 7th of May the poor lady was suddenly awakened about twelve o'clock. Her room was illuminated. Before her bed stood a small, thin man, with a lantern in his left hand and a hatchet in his right.

In a rough, disguised voice he threatened to knock out her brains if she so much as ventured to utter a sound.—The unfortunate frau was already voiceless from alarm. This speech could scarcely make her more quiet, but she could use her eyes, and did so for the next few seconds while her visitors remained with her. She saw that the speaker wore black hose, a blue blouse and a mask; and that two more men were busy in the background breaking open her chest of drawers. In the farthest back division, covered over by stockings, yarn and flax, lay a round tin case, in which she kept her movable treasures. She was just recovering herself sufficiently to begin thinking about risking her life by calling for help, when the smothered yelling of a dog was heard without. The thieves had found what they wanted, however, and sprang with it to the window, one sash of which was open. They threw themselves upon a ladder without, and descended to the ground, while the third man still kept guard beside the bed. Frau Friedow cried for "Help, help!" with all her might.

"You may scream as long as you like, now," he muttered, turning away and following the others from the room.

Frederick appeared at this instant, having been awakened by the noise.—He found the ladder still in its place, and going below, was just in time to save the life of the house-dog, which had been almost choked by a cord twisted round his neck fastening him to his kennel.—The man-servant roused up the neighbors, but all pursuit, then or later, by friends privately or by the police publicly, had been in vain. Not the least clue had hitherto been obtained as to the identity of the house-breakers.

This was how the matter stood when I arrived at T——. When I had privately communicated with the magistrates, my second visit was naturally paid to Frau Friedow. I sought everywhere for any special indications which might put me on the right track, but what I found was desperately little.—Like those who had gone before me, I concluded that the robbery had, at any rate, been accomplished by persons well acquainted with the locality, as entrance to the premises had been made by a small door in the yard, of the very existence of which many of the neighbors were unaware. The ladder made use of had been dragged out of a nook in which it had long lain concealed. A pane of glass had been smashed in the window of the bed-room to enable one of the assailants to slip back the bolt. A few footprints had been traced, but there was nothing remarkable about their appearance, and they had been lost at once upon the high road or street upon which the little court-yard opened.

One thing seemed alone certain amid the maze of perplexity; the housebreakers must be sought from among neighbors, servants, friends or relations.—Now the neighbor theory, upon investigation, seemed utterly futile, and one glance at old Frederick was enough to make one dismiss all thoughts connected with the second term in the list.

There remained the friends and relations in the habit of visiting at the villa. The widow had not the faintest suspicion of foul play in any of these; nevertheless, I made her describe and closely particularize them all to me. I took up half a dozen imaginary scents; I ran hither and thither. I telegraphed in various directions. I worked, in fact, in the sweat of my brow; but, alas! the result was simply nothing, nothing, nothing. I never before had been so utterly puzzled and hopelessly at fault.

On the fourth day of my residence at T——, I went again to the villa, where the widow greeted me with eyes full of expectation. "Frau Friedow," I said, "it seems to me hardly possible that you are utterly without suspicion in every quarter. There must surely be some one or other on whom your mind has fixed, if it were but for a second. Confess it is so, and confide in me."

"I assure you I have not even a shadowy thought such as you describe," she replied in a much disappointed tone.

"And has nothing more struck you about those men you saw in your room than you have already mentioned? One remembers things on due consideration which have been often overlooked before. Did you notice no peculiarity about any of the scoundrels; in the voice, for instance, the way of standing, the hands of him who held the axe?—Had he on a ring? Did he look rough, like the others?"

"There was one little thing I may not have told before," she replied slowly.—"It was scarce worth telling. When the two fellows ran off down the ladder with my little case, the window slapped down as they disappeared. The third man pushed it up again to go after them, but in so doing I think he must have put his hand through the broken pane, and have hurt it with the glass, in his haste. I certainly heard him mutter to himself, as if he were in distress."

"Was there no trace of blood left?" I asked, anxiously.

"None whatever."

"I began my investigations anew, and this time with the doctor of the district. We got into a lively dissertation upon wounded hands, and in particular upon hurts inflicted by glass. By degrees I acquired the, to me, very interesting fact that some three weeks since, when the medico was riding home to breakfast after an early call, a strange man had suddenly appeared in the middle of the highway and had implored his help. He claimed of having fallen upon a heap of broken glass, and held out his right hand to exhibit its condition. The doctor took out his pocket case of instruments, and extracted five splinters from the inflamed palm. While he did so the patient whimpered like a woman.

"How was the fellow dressed?" I cried, breathlessly.

"A blue blouse and black underclothes, as far as I can recall."

"Could you identify him again?"

"Perhaps. His face made an impression on me, rather; because it did not seem to match the clothing, and yet, now I think of it, I seem to see only an ordinary brow, nose and mouth. I fancy it was the set of the head on the shoulders which looked remarkable,—Artizans and such folk usually look otherwise. That is all I can say. But what makes this matter interesting to you?"

"I believe your complaining patient to be the principal in the late robbery, concerning which I have come down here," I replied, in a low voice. "Can you give me any idea as to what became of the man after you were done with him?"

The doctor looked at me in amazement. "I think he went toward Ems," he replied.

I lost no time in going the same direction. An old tree, which forked at the top, and carried a bell in that division, stood on a height near the shore. Here those who wanted to be ferried over the river must stop and ring for the boatman, whose house stood in a sheltered nook at hand. I shirked preliminaries, and made at once for the dwelling.—Here I found a gigantic person, who declared herself the daughter of the ferryman, and the customary rower, when, as now, her father was absent. I sought to gain the confidence of this damsel.

"A friend of mine went over here, I think, not long since," I said. "He was in great haste, being on his way to Holland, in order to escape serving here in the army."

The popular antipathy to the enforced military training loosed her tongue at once.

"Yes, yes," she replied; "a young man in great haste did surely go over a little time back."

"He wore a blue blouse and black hose?"

"Maybe; but it seems to me he had others with him, or of his party."

"Very probably. Two others, I suppose?"

"This was how it was. One man came to me in the early dawning. I put him across. An hour or so later there came a second, and asked anxiously about the first. When I told him he was beyond he seemed content enough, and followed. The third, your friend with the blouse, asked if he were the first who had wanted me that day. He asked me particularly about the two I had already rowed over, and then seemed right gay, and jumped into the boat himself."

"Ah! One of the three carried a tin box?" I said, slipping a coin into my new acquaintances' hand.

"I never noticed," answered the girl. "But I saw that the third man carried a round bundle or parcel wrapped in a red handkerchief under his arm."

"Did he give you a good reward for taking him over?"

"Nothing more than all the world—ten pfennings."

"With his right hand?"

"Why not? he replied.

"Wasn't his right hand tied up?"

"Not that I saw. I only know he kept one hand in his pocket, whether the right or left I couldn't say now."

I could have embraced the tall ferrywoman, in spite of her forty summers and her uncertainty upon minor points. It was plain that the three ruffians for better security had separated, and that the last comer was the leader in and the chief benefiter by the crime which had been committed. During his confab with the doctor, no doubt he had hidden the spoils in some hedge. I was upon his track now.

But I had soon to cry "lost!" It was a grievous disappointment to me. Beyond Ems the clue was nowhere to be followed. I labored in vain in this neighborhood for days. I made friends with all sorts of people—letter-carriers, porters, waiters—and walked many a weary mile in the hot sun, but all to no purpose. I was baffled and wholly at fault as much as though I never had a hint at all to follow.

Nine days had gone by since I had come to T——. I turned into a beer garden in the neighborhood of the town one evening, and sat down near a well-lighted bowling-alley, in which about ten gentleman were busy at a game.—My seat was rather in the shade. I paid little attention to the players, but leaned my head upon my hand and reviewed the defeat I had sustained and the small estimation in which I should be held, for sake of it, by my colleagues and chief at home, feeling altogether extremely out of humor. Suddenly an ill-thrown ball rolled almost to my feet.

"A miss, a miss!" shouted several voices together, while one cried, "Why, Bottcher, is your hand not even yet recovered? You are not complaining of it still?"

I felt like a huntsman in a forest who sees the game at his gun's end. I was on the alert that second. I lost no time in finding out all Herr Bottcher's antecedents. He was a merchant, one of Frau Friedow's connections, and an occasional visitor at her house. He was a continual guest at this place of entertainment. I brought the doctor here next evening, and set him to work stealthily considering my game. My discomfiture was great when he flatly refused to identify Herr Bottcher and his patient as one and the same person. They might be one, he confessed; but then—they might not.

If the medico turned rusty, like this, it seemed to me utterly useless to bring hither the ferrywoman on a like errand. I must trust to myself alone. We officials have two methods of doing business of this sort. We use the long or short line, according as either seems most likely to suit. I determined to try one after the other.

In order to put Bottcher quite off the scent, I went now to the host of this house of entertainment, and introduced myself to him as a Hamburg agent for the forbidden lotteries. I begged him to keep this close, but I saw very plainly by his face that he intended doing nothing of the sort. Next morning, to my great contentment, I found myself outwardly under the supervision of the town police and generally regarded by the public as a shabby individual.

I meantime was as busy as ever, but it was little I discovered. Herr Bottcher was certainly not in good repute amongst his fellows. Nevertheless, I could hear of no particular difficulty in which he had fallen of late, although I did learn that he had, three weeks since, made a hasty journey. One little fact, however, seemed to be of great worth. Herr Bottcher these times slept badly, and was wont to rise often by night and pace up and down the garden.

I lay lurking for two entire nights under bushes in this same plat; but during all those weary hours whoever *did* come to this place, Herr Bottcher unfortunately did *not*, and in the garden I could find no trace of any hidden treasure or likelihood of such.

I fell into greater despair than before. What could I do? Upon one side my absolute certainty of having tracked my man; on the other, no earthly means of bringing home his guilt. If I only had sufficient ground to demand a search through the rascal's house, but I had not. One afternoon I was walking up and down my room considering, when the post brought me a brief but concise and decisive dispatch from my chief:

"Return immediately unless all matters are in train. Give up. Your presence here is necessary."

This order was like a thunderclap in my ears. My commanding officer was plainly displeased at my long delay.—Should I simply throw the cards down and venture all on one trick this same evening, so as to be ready to depart tomorrow, at furthest? I decided for the last alternative.

Twelve gentlemen sat in the town club-room. My friend made one of them. To his great surprise, I sat down close to him and began to talk a little. Presently our nearest neighbor stood up and departed, to my great joy. I bent over Bottcher now and whispered that I had a weighty matter to talk over with him.

"What may it be?" he inquired calmly.

"You believe I am here as a lottery agent?"

He nodded.

"I am not, however. I have been sent here on detective business by the Prussian police office." Herr Bottcher took this revelation significantly. On the instant he knew not how to compose his features. He first drew in his face as if wishing to look astonished, and then he tried to smooth away all but supreme indifference. After a second or two, during which I had studied him as a serpent does its prey, he said in a constrained tone:

"How does that concern me, pray, good sir?"

"You have heard of a Widow Friedow from whom a large sum of money has been stolen. I have come here to hunt up the thief. I have got on the right track. You, I know, are related to her, and concerned in the property she possesses as a probable heir."

While I spoke thus I looked him straight in the eyes. They sparkled like those of an angry cat making ready to spring.

"And you will arrest me, I suppose?" he gasped angrily.

I should have loved to seize him by the throat then and there, shouting, "In the name of the law." To this day I wonder how I restrained myself, but I did.

"How can you talk so?" I exclaimed calmly. "I only mean that you must help me bring the criminal to justice, being, as you are, interested in the inheritance."

"With all the pleasure in life," he replied heartily. "I will do what I can. But—what is it you want of me?"

"Early to-morrow I will come up to you to consult over the matter, and we can then decide on our proceedings."

Bottcher drew a long breath. "This is most unfortunate," he exclaimed. "I have an urgent summons, and must start from T—— before daybreak. Perhaps I may be even obliged to leave this evening. I owe a heavy sum of money, and must appear personally to my creditor and demand further delay. I cannot wait."

I could scarce restrain my joy. The game had run his head right into my lasso; only one pull now, and the knot was fast.

"Don't trouble," I said quietly. "By and by will do for me. I shall be in T—— for another week. When you come back will answer as well."

"All right. I expect to return in a couple of days," he exclaimed. "But stay, one question! Is Dr. Miding mixed up in this affair?"

"Do you know him?"

"By sight only."

"He will help me to identify the criminal," I said, coolly looking full again into my companion's face, which took a horrible tint and expression now.

"Can he do so?"

"Certainly. He saw the man, dressed like a laborer, the morning after the robbery was effected."

"Who was this ruffian?" Bottcher asked, breathlessly.

"His name is—Ebbing—I think," I answered, at haphazard.

"I don't know him," was the reply to this.

"I daresay," said I, "he only comes here at times."

I arose now, broke off our conversation with every appearance of confidence and departed, having shaken Bottcher by the hand. I went stealthily to his house and waited. I had been there but about a quarter of an hour when a trap dashed up to the door. Bottcher sprang out of it, went inside for a few minutes, and then reappeared, carrying something under his left arm. As he got upon one side of the vehicle, I jumped upon the other, and seized hold of my game. He made not the least resistance, but sat like one enchanted.

"Are those Frau Friedow's papers you have under your arm?" I inquired.

"Yes, they are," he replied.

I made the coachman take us where I could put the robber in safe keeping.

When a man is suddenly discovered in a crime he is sure to commit some piece of folly. I had reckoned upon this, and was not out in so doing. My game had literally walked into my hand, and I felt rewarded at last for all my trouble and disappointing delays.

Bottcher was sentenced to six years in the house of correction. His coadjutors were not caught.

A MEMBER of the rhetorical class in a certain college had just finished his declamation when the professor said: "Mr. ——, do you suppose a general would address his soldiers in the manner you spoke that piece?" "Yes, sir, I do," was the reply, "if he was half scared to death."

GIRLS WHO GROW UP TO BE MEN.

When a young girl takes the affairs of this world into her own hands, as most young girls will do, and sets out on an eventful career on her own hook, there is hardly ever any nonsense about it. She generally gets her ideas from a novel, or a whole lot of novels, which are forever around in the way of young girls, and organizes herself by the adoption of a resolution that she is no ordinary kind of human being. An accompanying resolution is that she ought to have been a man, and she begins to make up her mind that if she were a man she'd show them how things ought to be done; that men as they run are outrageously poor sticks, and that if there were one thoroughly determined man in this world—and no young girl ever believed there was such—the earth would not be allowed to revolve another day in the same old humdrum way it has revolved for thousands of years, but it would be turned the other end up without any special preliminaries. You have seen that girl a great many times; she has been more or less in about every community on the face of the globe. She was in a little town in Kentucky the other day, and at the time had more than ordinary resolution, which, when coupled with the ambition to be a man, invariably leads to something desperate. It is too bad that we cannot offer the public anything very romantic in the way of a name for this Kentucky young girl, but romance must be sacrificed for truth in all cases of fair dealing, and the truth is this young girl's name is Susan Johnson. The story about her is also true. She had read novels for want of something else to occupy her attention, as most young girls do, and the kind of literature she encountered was ably calculated to fire the feminine heart with the idea that everything is going wrong all over the world, and simply for want of one resolute character to grasp hold of the universe by the coat collar and shake it into proper shape and behavior. It occurred to the Kentucky young girl that it was her duty to perform this simple act of heroism for the benefit of human kind. It was right in the line of her ambition when she came to think about it. The only obstacle in the way, that she was not a man, was overcome by a timely display of true genius and a suit of masculine apparel, which, however contrary to the law, doth oft become a girl.

Having got the clothes, Susan Johnson added to the accessories of heroism two pistols and a dagger. She laid aside her hair-pins and pearl-powder and store frizzes and an assorted stock of pink bows, and then went out to search for some part of the universe that she could get a good grip on. Singularly ignorant of common school geography, as most novel readers of her kind are apt to be, she started for an Indiana town which has never had the reputation of being the centre of anything in particular. She went on an Ohio river boat, with two pistols and her dagger, fully intending to be a terror and make every young girl feel more than ever sorry that she hadn't been born a man. This piratical and heroic kind of career met with no obstacle for a day or two, and the young girl was beginning to feel that it was a ridiculously simple thing to be a man after all. She was on a particular afternoon, revolving some plans for disposing of the world after she had conquered it, and watching the deck hands tumble some freight about. It didn't for a moment occur to her that there was a rat anywhere in the neighborhood, but there was, and, when the roustabout disturbed it, with all the recklessness of its kind it ran by direct line toward the young girl in boy's clothes and two pistols and a dagger. It was not a moment for hesitation or heroism. A woman never shot but one thing when she sees a rat: she jumps up on something and creams. That is exactly what Susan Johnston did, and when they took her off the bale of tobacco and carried her to the ladies' cabin she gave up her two pistols and dagger and boy's clothes and concluded to release the world from any further menace at her hands. She has gone back home now and got out her ribbons and frizzes and has settle down to tatting work again. She can read novels with perfect safety now; she knows more about life than half the people who write novels, because she has seen a rat. Her advice to little girls is not to grow up to be men.—*Philadelphia Times.*

THAT AWFUL COW.

There probably isn't a woman in North America who isn't afraid of cows and there is not a cow in North America which would harm one hair of any woman's head if it had the best chance in the world and no other job on hand. Wednesday forenoon a stray cow, perhaps from the country for a taste of baled hay, found a gate open and entered a yard on Second street. The woman came to the front door dressed to go out, but seeing the cow she uttered a scream and hurried back. There wasn't a thing in the yard for the cow to damage or eat, and being tired she raised her end, lay down and began to chew away as if she had got home from a long visit to Europe. The woman next appeared at a side window and called upon the cow to "git out." A dog might have "got," but the cow didn't. Then the woman threw a rag at the cow and called for the dog. The dog didn't come and the rag didn't scare. Then the woman shook a pillow at the cow and peremptorily ordered her off the premises, but the bovine half closed her eyes and left her thoughts run ahead to fly time. As the cow wouldn't go, and as the woman couldn't go till the cow did, sterner measures were resorted to. A tin pan was held out of the window and beaten with a spoon, but that cow couldn't be fooled into believing that Fourth of July had come. Then the woman went into the back yard to throw clubs over the fence and knock a couple of horns off. The first one hit the window and the next banged the blinds on the next house, and the cow's horns stuck much tighter than ever. Cries of "git out!" were again resorted to without effect, and then the woman watched at the front door till she saw a boy come along and she opened it and cried out, "O boy! there's a horrible cow in our yard! Prop the gate open and get all the boys and police you can and drive her out and I'll give you a quarter of a dollar! Hurry up, for she looks as if she was getting ready to come right in here." The boy "humped" the dangerous animal out in thirty seconds, received his pay and the woman gave up going down town for fear she would have a "nervous spell."—*Detroit Free Press.*

ALWAYS on a bust—the head, neck and shoulders.

FULFILLING HER MARRIAGE VOW.

A touching story is narrated in connection with the recent execution of Walter Watson at Highland, Indiana, for the murder of Ezra Compton. The parties had quarreled about the charge of a quarter dollar for some soap made by Compton, who was a storekeeper. The wife of Watson, to whom he had been but a year married, endeavored to restrain him from the quarrel, but her entreaties failed. A week before the execution Mrs. Watson visited the governor, with her babe in her arms, and made a strong personal appeal for mercy, but that official declined to interfere because the sentence had been confirmed by the supreme court. The faithful wife was a daily visitor to her husband's cell, and joined him in fervent prayers for forgiveness. During the last night most of the time she sat on his knee, breathing words of love and encouragement, or at his feet, caressing his hands. He was truly a penitent, and expressed himself as having made peace with God. As the time approached for the execution she was for a moment overcome, and fell on her husband's neck in uncontrollable anguish, but suddenly she raised her flaxen head and assisted in arraying him for his doom. She had contributed a necktie and a pair of slippers, and put them on him with a fierce determination that overmastered her agony. She combed his hair, and seeing all was ready, said she would go with him. All present remonstrated with her, in which the minister joined. Her reply was a rebuke that few women would have ventured. "I should not have expected this from a minister. When I was married I promised to cleave to my husband for better or for worse. I promised this to a minister, and I am going to keep my word as far as God will let me." On reaching the gallows the pair soon to be sundered mounted the steps hand in hand. They were seated side by side over the fatal trap. She again took his hand and sobbed with her little head resting upon his shoulder, while the minister made the closing prayer.

Meanwhile the culprit sat in his chair, unmoved. A heart-broken wife was sobbing on his bosom, strong men sobbed, but the man about to be hanged seemed an uninterested spectator of the absorbing scene of which he was the central figure. For fully five minutes he sat there without the least perceptible twitch of a muscle. There was no bravado in this composure; it was rather the calmness of resignation. At the close of the religious exercises the two stood up, and for the last time she embraced her husband, kissed him passionately, and with "Good-bye, Walter," stepped back and fell back into the arms of the good Christian ladies who were there to receive her. The last words of the unhappy man were a prayer for mercy and for heavenly aid to his poor wife. At the sheriff's house she saw the remains of her husband in his coffin, and kissing his lips and arranging the hair, turned away with a look of woe, and said: "I can cry no more; I have no more tears. God have mercy on me and my little baby."

An hour later the coffin was in an east-bound train, accompanied by the wife. At Richland, a bleak station seven miles from Highland, it was deposited on the barren ground, and as the train moved on only one other person beside the widow was in charge. The face that broken-hearted woman turned upon the occupants of the passing train, most of whom had seen the hanging, will haunt many in their dreams.

"GREENINGS."—A youth living on Bagg street, which must be in Detroit, rolled an apple barrel to the curbstone, filled it with cobblestones, headed it up, and marked the barrel: "Greenings—handle carefully." The youth retired to await further developments, and soon they came. A sawdust wagon came along, and the driver jumped down and took a long look at the barrel. He probably reasoned that it had been delivered by a grocer, and he doubtless wondered why it had not been rolled into the bar. Dusk was coming on, and the man drove off. In a quarter of an hour he returned. "Greenings" were there yet, and he drove around the square, took the tail board out of his wagon and at length drove up close to the barrel. No one was in sight and he made a dash for the prize. He probably expected a rather heavy lift, but when he felt the weight of those cobblestones his surprise must have been great. He gave one awful lurch, lifted the barrel about an inch, and as his fingers raked over the hoops he groaned in agony and leaped into his wagon as if a dog had been reaching for his coat tail. At various times during the night vehicles were heard halting and driving away, but when day broke the "greenings" were still there, though only two hoops were left on the barrel.

A CITY OF CAVES.—Away out on the Texas frontier, and in the eastern margin of that vast desert expanse, the Llano Estacado, sixty miles north of the little town of Graham, says a letter to a St. Louis paper, there settled about a year ago a colony from Oregon consisting of nine families. The locality was distant from market, and lumber scarcely to be had. The settlers, therefore, as the cold northers of winter were approaching, determined to build habitations underground. They selected a hill, in whose sides they excavated rooms, halls, kitchens and sleeping apartments, not unlike the ancient dwellers in the rocks of Judea. A chimney was formed by running a stovepipe up through the hill to the surface. The dwellings are perfectly dry and warm in the coldest and most freezing norther. This little city of caves has been named Oregon City, and will be the capital of Baylor county.

A PRETTY EXPERIMEN

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY, - - - - APRIL 25, 1879.

WE are indebted to Mr. Fenlon, of the House, for a well bound copy of the Report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction for 1878; also for a copy of the Report of the State Board of Agriculture for the same year, and a copy of the Report of the Geological Survey of Indiana county. For all of which our thanks are tendered.

GEN. JOHN A. DIX died in New York city, on Monday last, in the 81st year of his age. He had been United States Senator, Secretary of the Treasury, Minister to France, Major General in the Union army during the late civil war, and Governor of New York, having been elected to the latter office in 1872. Throughout his long and eventful life he enjoyed the highest respect and confidence of the country. He will be specially remembered for his famous order, while in command at New Orleans, to shoot on the spot any man who attempted to pull down the American flag.

THE charge having been made on the floor of the House by Mr. Wolfe, of Union county, that the friends of the Pittsburgh riot bill had corruptly attempted to influence the votes of *two* of the members in favor of the bill, the Speaker has appointed a committee of five to investigate the matter and report the facts to the House. The committee is composed of Messrs. Gatchell, Rhodes, Wolfe, Doyle and Elliott. The chairman, Gatchell, is one of the members from Lancaster county, and the Lancaster *New Era* (Republican) is of the opinion that any investigating *he* may do towards unearthing corrupt practices in legislation is not likely to hurt any one very seriously. Mr. Wolfe, however, avowed very positively his ability to prove the charge he had made, and as he has now a fair chance to do so, some rich and rare developments may be looked for.

MR. WALLACE delivered a very strong and forcible speech in the U. S. Senate on Monday, the 14th instant, on the Army appropriation bill. Blaine's speech on the same day in opposition to the bill was frothy and declamatory, as all his efforts are, but Mr. Wallace dealt in plain, stubborn facts and solid arguments and covered the whole case. On Saturday last, Mr. Coffroth addressed the House on the legislative appropriation bill, in a speech just long enough to enable him to present his views in plain, vigorous language in opposition to U. S. supervisors and deputy marshals having anything to do with State elections. His speech, therefore, not being of interminable length, as so many speeches in Congress are, attracts instead of repels attention, and will well repay perusal.

IF the Chairman of the Democratic State Committee, Mr. Speer, will permit us, we suggest to him the propriety of calling a meeting of the Committee sometime during the coming month, for the purpose of fixing the time and place of holding the Democratic State Convention. We have always been opposed to the practice of electing delegates to a State Convention by County Committees, and if the State Committee will designate the time for holding the convention, which we trust will not be earlier than the middle of August, the different counties can regulate the meeting of their nominating conventions accordingly, and have their delegates elected by the proper authority. We have never been convinced that a State Convention ought to be held more than two months, or about that length of time, before the election.

A VETO on the passage of the army appropriation bill was expected to be taken in the Senate to-day, and it will be sent to the President not later than next Monday. The debate in the House on the legislative appropriation bill will terminate to-day and it is expected to occupy at least a week, or possibly ten days in the Senate before it finally passes that body. Will Mr. Hayes sign the army bill, or will he veto it? is an unsolved question at Washington. Certain leaders of the Republican party have represented him as openly declaring that he will veto it but it is not probable that he would thus announce his purpose in advance, which even Grant once said no President ought ever to do. When Mr. Hayes was in Congress, in 1865, he voted for the very section, but of which it is now proposed to strike the words, *"or to keep peace at the polls,"* and that section was then incorporated in an army appropriation bill, just as it is now. If he is opposed now as it is said he is, to the presence of troops at the polls, how can he veto a bill of precisely the same character as the one he voted for in 1865? We will see.

GENERAL BRAGG, a Democratic member of Congress from Wisconsin, who made himself conspicuous at the last session by a vigorous speech against the payment of all rebel or Southern war claims, and who at the present extra session, was appointed by Mr. Randall Chairman of the Committee on War Claims, undertook last week, by offering an amendment to a bill then before the House, to repeal the law establishing the Southern Claims Commission, which is the fountain from which all these raids on the treasury flow. The Republicans opposed the amendment, and with the votes of about twenty Democrats defeated General Bragg's proposition.—Since the Court of Claims was established in 1871, the Republicans, when they were in a majority in Congress, appropriated nearly *one hundred and fifty millions of dollars* to pay Southern war claims which had been passed upon, and now, when a Democrat proposes to repeal the law and thus cut up the war claim business by the roots, the Republican members refuse to sustain him. With this Republican record only ten days old, a Republican who will charge the Democrats in Congress with being in favor of paying millions of dollars for Southern war claims, will not succeed in getting any one, unless he is either a fool or a knave, to believe him.

THE motion made a few days ago to reconsider the indefinite postponement in the House of the Pittsburgh riot bill was defeated by a vote of 98 yeas to 101 nays. Although an effort will yet be made to pass some measure of the kind, it will have no chance of success at a session which has now lasted nearly one hundred and ten days, and the project may therefore be regarded as finally disposed of for the present. The men who had the matter in charge proved to be unequal to the task, and having commenced with the wrong kind of a bill were bound to make a conspicuous failure. Its defeat is mainly attributed to the corrupt advances of the Philadelphia lobby, with William H. Kemble at its head and Sam Josephs at its tail, and it is difficult to see how it could be otherwise with two such advocates of "addition, division and silence" urging its passage. The Pittsburghers also, if the newspaper accounts can be relied on, who went down to the capital to help the measure through were lamentably incompetent for the work that had been assigned them, and were as much out of their proper element as a bull would be in a china store. Robert W. Mackey is dead and we will not disturb his ashes, but now that the battle has been lost there is a very general feeling among those who knew him best, and especially in Pittsburgh, that if he were living the fate of the riot bill would have been very different. This is very probable, for no man knew so well how to organize victory in a square contest with the Legislature over a question in the success of which he felt a deep interest. In manipulating a Pennsylvania Legislature Mackey never failed but once, and that was in 1869, when he had only just commenced to try his "prentice hand" at the business. Compared with him and his methods, Kemble and C. his. Magee, into whose hands the bill was committed, were mere asses concealed beneath lions' skins. The riot bill, although defeated for the present, will not be abandoned but will be revived in the future under different auspices and in an other shape. The discussion of the question in the present Legislature has caused public attention to be specially directed to it, and a question involving such large personal interests will not be permanently laid aside or forgotten. Public opinion, aided and assisted by the Supreme Court of the State, may yet see it is way clear in dispensing equal and impartial justice in the premises by fixing the liability for the losses where the law and the equity of the case impose it.

"A MORAL rebellion now threatens you. The obligations of the Constitution and laws are not assented to in wide districts. Government by the ballot, with equal political rights for all legal voters, ordained by the authority of the National Union, is not permitted in every State. As the man and men were found to throttle with physical force the rebellion at Appomattox, so the man and the men will be found to stifle this new conspiracy against the majesty and welfare of a mighty nation."

The above extract is taken from the speech of Governor Hoyt at the reception given him by the Union League of Philadelphia, on Tuesday evening of last week. It is grand, gloomy and peculiar, and out-Hoyts even Hoyt himself. Certainly no man in this State, with the exception perhaps of the late John Covode, ever before uttered a greater amount of unmeaning nonsense and twaddle in so small a space. What the "gallant Harry Hoyt" means by informing the members of the League that "a moral rebellion now threatens you," might form the subject of a supplemental address, since it is not perceptible to ordinary mortals. One can't reason with or combat such stereotyped stuff even when uttered by a Governor. A reply, however, and a very emphatic one, was made to Hoyt's speech two days after its delivery by a syndicate of New York and Boston bankers, who made the enormous subscription of $160,000,000 to the four per cent. bonds of the United States. This immense subscription is the largest single transaction that has ever taken place in this or any other country, and is a convincing proof of the strength of the government credit in the face of the dismal howling of Hoyt and his Republican allies in Congress about the "revolutionary" purposes of the Democratic party. It is John Hook's despairing cry of "beef! beef!" after the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

IT is about time now that Republican professions of regard for the colored man should cease. Joseph H. Rainey (colored) who represented one of the South Carolina districts in Congress for two terms, went out of office on the 4th of March and was the last of his race to occupy a seat in the House—a fact over which that arch enemy of the King's English, John A. Logan, of Illinois, became impressively eloquent and pathetic in his bloody shirt harangue in the Senate last week. Rainey is a man of considerable ability and excellent private reputation. When the extra session began the Republicans made him their candidate for Clerk of the House and voted for him—a thing they never would have done if their votes could have elected him. The office of Third Auditor in the Treasury Department being vacant, Rainey was induced to become an applicant for the place, and was fortified with a strong recommendation signed by nearly every Republican member of the House. Armed with this document, he waited on John Sherman a few days ago to urge his claims, and was told by the Secretary that if it suited him (Rainey) he would give him a clerkship in the appointment room of the department, which he indignantly refused, informing Sherman that the offer would not have been made to a *white* ex-member, and that it was beneath his dignity to accept it. On the same day, Mr. Hayes nominated to the Senate for the office that Rainey wanted, E. W. Keightley, an ex-member of the House from Michigan, and one of Zach Chandler's henchmen. Mr. Rainey will now have leisure to meditate on the utter hypocrisy of Republican love for men of his color.

IN the State Senate, on Friday last, the bill repealing the present Jury Commissioner law was indefinitely postponed on second reading. The feeling throughout the State was very general, so far as we could judge, in favor of the repeal, but that was the best reason in the world why the present Legislature would refuse to pass it.

ON Tuesday last the House at Harrisburg buried the border claims bill along side of the Pittsburg riot bill, by the decisive vote of 58 yeas to 124 nays.

Crimes and Casualties.

Near Pattonsville, Scott county, Va., Charles Bishop, a dashing young man, was married to Miss Bettie Hooker three weeks ago, and after a pleasant honeymoon he suddenly grew despondent. Friday morning, while his wife was in the sitting room at work on some fancy embroidery, he came in with an axe upraised, and with a terrific blow split her head open. A servant hearing the noise, rushed into the room, but the fatal deed was done. The murderer at once gave himself up and put in a plea of insanity. He talked about the bloody crime in the most indifferent manner. He said to the deputy constable: "Yes, I split her skull open, but what's that?"

A dispatch from Fort McKinney, Wyoming, dated April 20, says: Information was received here yesterday that on the night of the 17th instant horse thieves entered the house of Mr. Foster, one of the oldest settlers in this section, living on the Peony, near old Fort Kearney, fifteen miles east of this post. The desperadoes hung Mr. Foster up by the neck until he was nearly dead in order to compel him to disclose the whereabouts of a large amount of money, which he was supposed to have. Foster refused to give them the information and was unconcious when they let him down. He revived and was again hung, as he still persisted in his refusal. The thieves then ransacked his house and took all his bedding and thirteen dollars in money, the savings of his children. They also took his horses, three in number.

The vessel Great Republic was wrecked off the coast of Oregon on Saturday. At noon of that day the last boat left the ship with First Officer Lennon, Second Officer Davis, the boatswain, and two sailors and eight waiters, ten of whom, Lennon, Davis, the boatswain and seven others were drowned by the capsizing of the boat in the surf. Three men clung to the boat and drifted ashore. The ship broke into three pieces. Captain Carroll, from the very first, maintained the strictest discipline and order; and up to the very last, by inspiring the passengers with confidence of safety, prevented a panic. All landed without loss of life. Astoria, Oregon, is full of people, many of them without money.—The churches, public buildings and residences are all being thrown open for the accommodation of the passengers, who have lost everything.

On Tuesday morning fire was discovered in No. 10 level of the Wellington coal mine at Departure Bay, Victoria.—It was supposed to have been extinguished on the following day, and on Thursday morning when twenty-five or thirty miners entered the level to resume work an explosion occurred, blowing the workings of the level into ruins, killing eleven men and seriously injuring the others. Three Chinamen were still in the workings, but there was no hope for them. Volunteers who entered the level reported that the foul air was so strong that they couldn't remain below for any length of time. The level would have to be flooded, as the mine was on fire in that vicinity. The Vancouver coal company's men stopped work and went to the rescue. The scene at the mouth of the pit was heart-rending. Wives and children were weeping for their husbands and fathers, and parents for their children.

A freight train on the Hannibal and St. Joseph railroad, consisting of an engine and fourteen loaded cars, went through a burning bridge, carrying down the train hands and two emigrants traveling with their live stock. The engineer saw the bridge on fire as he came around a sharp curve, but he remained at his post, telling his fireman to jump. The engine got across the bridge, but at last was pulled back into the chasm, sixty feet deep, where it was burned, with every car of the train, nothing remaining but a mass of smouldering ruins. The two emigrants were caught among the burning timber, but the train hands succeeded in pulling one of them out, only to die, however, after two hours of suffering. His companion begged some one to kill him, but he had to be left to his fate. The conductor had a leg and several ribs broken; while the engineer escaped from the fiery furnace unharmed. The bridge was set on fire by tramps, who had been put off from a train just ahead of the ill-fated one.

IS GRANT TO STAND ABOVE WASHINGTON?—No man has ever yet lived whom the American people were willing to make their President a third time. While it is to the peculiar credit of Washington that at the close of his second term he voluntarily retired from public life, we believe, at the same time it is generally conceded, as an historical fact, to have been very questionable whether he could be elected a third time. A frequent return of power to the people from whom it is derived was a doctrine in which the founders of the republic devoutly believed; because they considered it the only sure way to guard the liberties of the people against encroachments.

Rotation in office is rather an elementary principle in our system of government than a watchword of any political party.

The second President of the United States, John Adams, one of the most eloquent and fiery of all the original apostles of liberty, was allowed to retain the office only for a single term.

Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, did not attempt to run a third time, retiring in an honest poverty, which added to the glory of his great name.

Madison, than whom perhaps no man did more in establishing our system of self-government, followed the example of his illustrious predecessors in declining to be a candidate for a third term.

So did Monroe, although there was so little of party spirit in his time that it was called the era of good feeling.

John Quincy Adams was warned, on entering into office, that though his administration were as pure as the angels around the throne of God, it must terminate at the end of four years; and it did.

Andrew Jackson was backed by a party of devoted admirers, who insisted on running him for a third term; but with some show of indignation at the bare idea, Old Hickory put his foot down firmly and said No.

Grant has already served two terms. Now it is proposed to elect him to a third, to place him above the mighty men who laid the foundation of the Government, above Washington himself!

Shall it be done?—*N. Y. Sun.*

HEZEKIAH SHAFER EXECUTED.—Hezekiah Shafer, who murdered his wife on February 21, 1878, was hung in the jail yard at Chambersburg, Pa., on Thursday last. Owing to prostration caused by his attempt at suicide on Monday, by piercing several arteries with a wire, the sheriff and others asked Gov. Hoyt for a respite until he would be able to walk to the gallows. The Governor refused, and at the time appointed he was carried to the scaffold in a government blanket. After a prayer by Dr. Crawford, the pale and emaciated culprit was placed upon a stool under the rope, two men supporting him for a time. The sheriff then adjusted the rope about the neck of Shafer, and in a few minutes the trap doors fell. The drop was about four feet, but the fall failed to break the culprit's neck. The pulse ceased to beat in about nineteen minutes. Before being carried to the scaffold he said: "I declare before God and man I am innocent." He also said he expected to meet his wife in heaven. His remains were interred at the county almshouse, his request to be buried alongside his wife being refused.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Mining for gold has been commenced on Bear Creek, near Bloomington, Indiana.

—A rumor has gained wide circulation that Dean Stanley is about to join the Catholic Church.

—A woman in Mt. Sterling, Ky., 18 years of age, has been married six years and has three children.

—Frank Small, for the murder of Nicholas Jacoby, was sentenced at Pittsburg on Saturday to be hanged.

—About 1,100 communists paraded the streets of Chicago on Sunday last.—About 400 were armed. No disturbance occurred.

—It is the opinion of Charles Nordhoff, of the New York *Herald*, that General Grant will not run for President again. Sad, ain't it?

—An Elrinboro, Salem county, N. J., a man and wife hunt muskrats together. He paddles and she shoots. They sometimes bag twenty a night.

—A canoe containing eight men belonging to Ettchemen, Ont., while returning from Quebec Friday afternoon was upset and six of the men were drowned.

—Martha Sladder, of Groveville, N. Y., was found burned to death in her bed Sunday morning, with a bottle of whisky and a pipe beside her. She was unmarried.

—Emmet Hampton, of West Chester, owns a hen which has performed the astounding feat of laying triplets. She was locked up in a cellar and in one day laid three eggs.

—A tramp crept up behind George Bennet, yard-master at Tiffin, Ohio, on Friday, and crushed his skull with a broken car-link. Bennett is dying, and the tramp has escaped.

—Among the Kansas emigrants who passed west a few days ago was Simon Rosenburg, an old man from Horse Valley, Franklin county, this State, who had never before been on a railroad car.

—Miss Ida Jones, daughter of Mayor Jones, of Toledo, Ohio, who eloped with one Sheridan Waite on Monday of last week, has been declared insane at an inquest of lunacy held by Judge Sherwood.

—The boiler in Hawley & Co.'s steam saw-mill, Shelby, Oceana county, Michigan, exploded on Thursday, killing the engineer and seriously injuring two other persons. The mill was entirely destroyed.

—Six men and a boy were imprisoned by the caving in of a mine at Sugar Notch, Luzerne county, on Wednesday last and at latest reports two hundred men were working from the surface to rescue them.

—Five inches of snow fell at Port Jervis, N. Y., a foot at Monticello, and six to ten inches along the Jefferson branch of the Erie railway, Friday. At Scranton, snow, hail and wind prostrated two miles of telegraph wire.

—Two Kentucky lovers have centred their affections upon a damsel who would be happy with either were t other dear charmer away. A walking match has been proposed, and the successful competitor will get the girl.

—Seventeen five prairie grouse from the United States recently arrived in New Zealand, where it is proposed to endeavor to establish the bird. They were snared near Topeka, Kansas.—Twenty-two were sent, but five died on the voyage.

—The large livery stable of T. E. Barkey, at Ticonderoga, New York, were totally destroyed by fire at two o'clock Sunday morning. Twelve horses and a number of carriages, sleighs, etc., were burned. The loss is about $10,000. Insurance, $2,300.

—Anna Lewis chased a neighbor in Cincinnati, firing at him as she ran, until she had emptied the seven chambers of a revolver, when she loaded the weapon and fired seven times more—all without hitting him, although his clothing was perforated.

—Jackson Boggs, President Judge of the Third Judicial district, died suddenly of apoplexy at Kittanning, Armstrong county, on Saturday. He had been suffering for some months with gangrene of the feet, and his death from apoplexy was a great surprise to his physicians.

—Henry H. P. Tudor and Louis H. Ayrue, en route for Patagonia, arrived at Tuscumbia, Ala., on Friday, and took a rest till Monday morning, when they resumed their journey southward. Ayrue is a young surgeon, and joined Tudor at Lynchburg, Va., to go to Patagonia as a scientist. They look fresh and are well mounted.

—Three hard-worked and under-paid printers, John B. Jackson, William J. Heaney and Patrick O'Brien, of New York, clubbed together recently and invested two dollars in a lottery ticket.—They now jingle $5,000 apiece—having held the lucky ticket in the April drawing. About the first time on record that lightning ever struck a printer.

—Dr. C. P. Carver, of Angelica, Allegheny county, New York, owns a small road stallion so peculiarly marked that when he buckles a surcingle around him there is not a hair back of it that is not snow white, and not a square inch in front of it that is not a beautiful iron gray. One eye is like that of a white horse, and the other like that of a black horse.

—By the disarrangement of the apparatus Saturday morning, the alarm bell on the Court House at Harrisburg commenced striking, and continued for some time, exciting the people. A report followed that Judge Pierson was found dead and the bell was tolled in consequence. The excitement was only allayed when the venerable Judge appeared on the bench as usual.

—A fire at Eureka, Nev., on Friday night and Saturday morning, destroyed half of the town, including the heaviest business houses, the hotels, newspaper offices, telegraph office, the Masonic building, and a great number of dwellings. Three hundred families are destitute and two thousand people are without shelter. The loss is roughly estimated at one million dollars.

—A special to the Indianapolis *Daily News*, from South Bend, Ind., reported the College building at Notre Dame on fire and burning rapidly on Wednesday last, with but little chance for saving it, the immense dome, and the large image of the Virgin Mary surmounting, having already fallen in. The building was six stories high, and out of reach of South Bend, the water supply being two miles from that place.

—The Pennsylvania railroad has made complete plans for vast improvements at the New York terminus, the cost of which is estimated at $2,000,000. Among the alterations contemplated is a new ferry building at the foot of Courtland street, while new warehouses are to be erected on the Jersey side. A grain elevator with storage capacity of 1,500,000 bushels will be erected upon their property at Harsimus cove.

—Virtue is not wholly extinct in New England. A man in Brattleboro, Vt., has just paid to a merchant there a note he gave his father seventeen years ago, with interest, although the note had been outlawed and lost, and the matter forgotten. In Boston a bank lost $4,200,000 worth of obligations in the fire, but recovered without suit all except $10,000 of the amount of which every scrap of documentary evidence of the indebtedness was lost.

—The man who eats eggs for the championship of America lives in Indiana, where human industry is more than ordinarily diversified. This man devoured twenty-four consecutive soft-boiled goose eggs in twenty-four consecutive minutes, and at the conclusion of this genteel entertainment he offered to eat a goose, also. Unfortunately nature has made no arrangement, says the Philadelphia *Times*, by which this champion could eat himself, and his last proposition couldn't be entertained.

STRANGE FREAK OF WATER-FOWL.—For several months past the guards at the Government bridge over the Mississippi river at this point, with other citizens whom they have informed of the occurrences, says the Davenport *Gazette*, have been greatly interested in the actions of wild water-fowl—ducks and geese, and even swans. About midnight these fowl commence gathering in the river, probably a mile above the bridge, and float down to the bridge, attracted, no doubt, by its lights. The moment they strike its shadow, as made by the lamps, they leave the water, fly upstream some distance, again float down to the bridge, and again rise and return, to repeat the trip. The bridge guards and tenders believe that these flocks frequently number from 300 to 500 ducks and geese. Saturday morning four swans were seen with one flock. When they rise from the water they go up with a rush and a whir-rar-r that can be heard three or four blocks distant. When the gray of dawn appears in the east the bridge men see fowls leaving the water up stream as far as vision can reach—and off they fly for the north. The sloughs near to, and the small streams which empty into the Mississippi, were frozen during the recent cold snap, and the great river is the only open water the birds can find. But it is strange they do not alight in the water below the bridge as well as above it,

—A late number of the Lebanon *News* says: Mr. Amos Gettle, on South Eighth street, is the happy possessor of a rooster that daily lays his egg. For some time past an extra egg was noticed in the nest, when it was supposed that a strange chicken might be doing the kind act, but on Monday morning this delusion vanished when the rooster was noticed coming off the nest. Those who have seen the rooster pronounce him a hermaphrodite, which helps somewhat in explaining this strange feat of chanticleer.

—The Georgia *Union and Recorder* says that one morning last week Mr. Zach. Ward, living in the neighborhood of Mr. J. M. D. Webb, captured a spotted crow. Hearing the caw-caws of the crows, he took his gun and went into the field, determined to shoot one and hang him up as a scarecrow. One he found on the ground appeared very gentle, and with great care he drew near; as he knew if he flew he could shoot him on the wing, he continued to approach and secured an unexpected prize—a tame crow, with wings of black and white, and speckled breast.

—The Brantford (Can.) *Expositor* states that a short time since a son of Mr. James Turner, of the East Ward, drove a nail through the wall of one of the rooms. To his intense surprise a stream of honey pure as crystal came oozing out. Further examination revealed a stock of the delicious store sufficient to supply an ordinary family a year. The space between the wall is six inches, and for four feet in one direction and half as much in another the comb extended. The house is rough-cast, and the swarm of workers had entered by a crevice near the eaves.

—The West Chester *Jeffersonian* says that I. A. Cleaver recently had the ceiling of his store laid with ash boards that were sawed from plank that had been seasoned for twelve years. The ends of the boards had been "dove-tailed" together, and it was thought to be a perfect piece of work, and would remain where placed, but in less than twelve hours afterwards it was found that while they had retained their positions firmly on the sides they had shrunken endways from an ⅛ to ⅜ of an inch. Why this is thus has been bothering the heads of all the mechanics in that vicinity, as boards usually shrink in width, but not in length.

—The Richmond *Dispatch* says there is now living near Midlothian, in Chesterfield county, Va., an old negro man about sixty years of age who during the war lost all of his teeth by accident, and several years ago, to his amazement and wonder, and to the utter astonishment of all who knew him, a complete set grew out again, and is pronounced to be an improvement upon the former set. This, perhaps, is one of the most remarkable freaks of nature on record. The negro is at present living with a Mr. Robertson, a prominent citizen of the county, who will vouch for the accuracy of the statement, and who has employed him during the last year.

—In the Circuit Court at Boonville, Ind., Saturday forenoon, George Wilson, a school teacher, and wife, each applied for a divorce, which Judge Sandy refused to grant, owing to lack of necessary evidence. Wilson snatched the baby out of the mother's arms; she screamed lustily and the Deputy Sheriff interfered, when Wilson drew a revolver, but was disarmed before doing any damage.—This proceeding in open Court was too much for His Honor, who fined Wilson $200 for contempt, in default of which he was sent to jail, and the baby replaced in the mother's arms. Attorneys for the wife thereupon made a further effort for her divorce, which was granted.

—A strange coincidence of the Hickey murder, at Warren, Ohio, has come to light. Nellie Hickey, a twelve year old daughter of the murdered woman, works in the family of Perry Woods, at Akron, that State. On the evening of the murder, she awoke out of a horrible dream, in which her mother's bloody and mutilated form appeared before her in all the dreadful reality in which it was found at the Warren Hotel. The dream was related to members of the family, but tho' it made a deep impression on the mind of the young girl, nothing more was thought of it until she took up the evening paper and read therein the details of the bloody tragedy almost precisely as she had dreamed it at about the same hour it occurred.

—In the Raber murder trial, at Lebanon, Saturday, Mrs. Peters, daughter of Drews, one of the accused, was on the stand all day. Her testimony was to the effect that her father had said he had been promised fifteen hundred dollars to do the murder; that he was sure of getting the money, because they had entered into a compact, and that the first one to back out was to be shot.—The four alleged conspirators and accessories were fully connected with the tragedy. She also testified that Brandt, another of the prisoners, had reproached her with the accusation that she prevented the prisoner Stickler from drowning Raber previously to his actual murder, and that he (Brandt) insisted upon Raber being killed before December 10, as the insurance would lapse on that day, the conspirators being unable to pay the premium thereafter.

—One hermit, says the Philadelphia *Times*, is generally a god-send to a dry newspaper man, but a Cincinnati reporter has succeeded in sticking three upon the point of his stylograph. Some time ago Joshua, Benjamin and Sarah Vaughn, who live on the west bank of the Scioto river, near Lewis Center, deeded all their property to a nephew. Other relatives stepped in and procured a judicial inquiry and so the Vaughn hermit story was caught. The three Vaughns named have lived in one room for forty-two years. Joshua is seventy-seven years old, Benjamin seventy-five and Sarah seventy-three. A large landed estate was left them by their father, and this they have managed by means of tenants, who gave in their accounts to the occupants of the single room every week. No tenant could ever get anything off the Vaughns as they were wonderfully shrewd. The son of a dead brother visited them recently and they concluded to turn the property over to him, retaining a life lease. There is no furniture in the room, which is black with soot and ashes, and the air is anything but fragrant. The Vaughns spend most of their time in drinking tea and smoking tobacco.

Condensed Love Stories.

Some of the most recent of Cupid's queer pranks are thus strung together by the Philadelphia *Times* in its issue of Saturday last:

On Monday of this week there was unraveled, in Toledo, Ohio, a true romance, far more strange than fiction. The Mayor of Toledo is Dr. W. W. Jones, a gentleman of prominence in State politics and a man of large wealth. He married into the Governor Carver family of Massachusetts.—His youngest daughter, Miss Ida, who is about 20 years of age, is slight in figure, has large, lustrous eyes, hair of gold, and until recently moved with an elastic step and graceful carriage. Finely educated, of elegant manners and born with the silver spoon of fortune, she shone in society as a jewel of the first water. Her devotion to the Catholic Church was marked from a child. More than a year ago her hand was sought by Harvey Scribner, law partner of ex-Congressman Frank Hurd. The Scribner-Jones love-match was the talk of the town. But among Miss Ida's acquaintances was Miss Mattie Weeks. This girl had been Miss Ida's chum at college and had great influence over her. Miss Weeks some time last summer introduced to Miss Ida, then engaged to young Scribner, one Sheridan Waite, of Fort Edwards, New York. By playing upon Miss Ida's religious turn of mind they induced her to read the books printed by the sect of religionists known as the Perfectionist.—How it came about no one knows, but on Monday Toledo was startled with the announcement that Miss Ida had eloped with Waite. At the same time one Bowen, from Fort Edwards, eloped with Miss Weeks, telling her that their offspring would become a second Mormon. Mayor Jones found his daughter at Columbus. Upon sight of her father she became a raving maniac, and on Tuesday was placed in the Columbus Asylum. Poor Scribner, at last accounts, was hunting for the dark characters in the story.

William and Rebecca Hanson, residents of Tioga county, this State, a few days ago received a letter from a long-lost daughter, who, after about twenty years, has been heard from for the first time. Just before the war, Katie (the daughter's name) was driven half wild by the importunate wooing of a boorish lover and the command of her parents that she should marry him. She donned male attire and ran away. Making for Buffalo she obtained employment as a cook on a steamer that ran from Buffalo to Detroit. Later she found herself on a Mississippi river steamer as head cook. A year of man's work made her feel like a man, she says, so in 1861 she enlisted as a private. She was promoted to sergeant in 1863, and in 1864 was in Captain Hopkins' company, under General Thomas, at Nashville. At the close of the war Captain Hopkins asked her what she proposed to do. She said she didn't know. "Marry me, then, woman, and take off your borrowed duds," said the captain.—Katie was thunderstruck, for she never thought her sex suspected. She married Captain Hopkins and went to Cuba, expecting to fight in the patriot cause there. But they concluded to buy some land and go to raising sugar cane and children. Mrs. Hopkins writes to her parents that she will visit them this summer, bringing their two grandchildren. This is vouched for by the Waverly (N. Y.) *Advocate*, which swears on its honor that the strange story is true in every detail.

Up at Racine, Wis., some pretty woman suggested that the monotony of the church fair be relieved by a mock auction sale of ladies. All the leading women fell out at the idea, and carried the day. The gallant young men shelled out the five and ten dollar bills at a lively rate, and at times the bidding would be so spirited that the church debt came very near being paid off. Towards the close of the sale, however, a lank young man from the country said that his girl must do something for the church. The girl was put up. Now it so happened that several young men had a grudge against the countryman, and they hauled him into the street to keep him from bidding. It also happened that the young lady was a very influential, but very ugly, sister. After repeated nods, winks and expostulations in pantomime, the auctioneer succeeded in knocking the young lady down for twenty-five cents. The young lady put on her hat and went home in a huff. She broke off with her lover, and, in attempting to use a dirk on several of the male members of the congregation, the lover found himself in the city lock-up.

In the village of Addie, five miles from Middleburg, Loudon county, Va., lives a farmer named Henry Nails. A few months ago a young man of the neighborhood, to whom Mr. Nails, the farmer's only daughter, was betrothed, left for the West, stating that he would write to his sweetheart in good time and soon return to claim her.—Nearly two years elapsed, when Miss Nails, finding the desertion very much to heart, On Tuesday, says a special to the Baltimore *Gazette* of yesterday, several gentlemen arrived in Miss Nails' galloping on her father's horse, without a saddle, toward the Addie pond. At the water's edge the horse stopped. Miss Nails urged him in, and when he refused to go above his body, leaped into the water and held her own head under. Suicide was prevented by the timely arrival of spectators.

The Madison *Journal*, an esteemed Wisconsin contemporary, for the number just received tells of a young man of Matoumanie who was so objectionable to the father of the girl that the father kicked him out of the house. Whereupon the fair Matoumanite youth found the cruel parent at work in a tanyard. He walked boldly in, addressed the tanners, stating the facts in the case, and pitched at the old fellow. The result of the row was a agreement begged to be let up. "Will you take me for a son-in-law, then, dog rot you?" inquired the youth. "Yes, you d——d man, and that same evening the hero led forth his bride.

Robert Layton was committed to the Lafayette, Indiana, jail, on Monday, for eloping with the daughter of Mr. Byrnes, of the town of Logansport. It appears that Miss Layton is but 16 years of age, and that in procuring the marriage license from a Lafayette justice Layton swore that she was of the proper age to dispose of her own will. The girl's father, a physician of high standing, had no sooner heard of the elopement from his roof, which took place in the dead of a ladder, at midnight Sunday night, than he procured a warrant for his son-in-law's arrest.

BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR MAY.—The leading illustrated article of the May number of "Ballou's Magazine" is about the monkey-men of New Guinea, told by the author of "A Whaleman's Adventures;" and very well told the yarn is, although we think our friend had to leave the island too suddenly to pay much attention to the strange beings he has attempted to describe. Then we find several nice stories, and a number of poems, adventures, and sea yarns, all going to make up the contents of a first-class magazine. Published by Thomas & Talbot, 23 Hawley street, Boston, at $1.50 a year, postpaid, and for sale at all the periodical depots in the country for 15 cents a copy.

IN SIX ELEGANT NEW OFFICES.

39 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

DR. QUINCY A. SCOTT,
Surgeon Dentist, having removed to these fine and centrally located offices, is now prepared to serve his numerous patrons with more satisfaction, owing to this greatly increased facilities. [4-4.-3t.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

S. B. CORN & CO.,
Successors to C. Simon & Co., will open this week NEW
SPRING GOODS,
Consisting of Ladies' and Children's Sailor Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats, all styles.
COME ALL TO THE OLD STAND,
1307 ELEVENTH AVENUE, ALTOONA, PA.
We will in due time announce our 5-Cent Counter!
And hope that all will remember the place:
S. B. CORN & CO., 1307 ELEVENTH AVENUE, ALTOONA, PA.

Eminent Dr. H. R. Walton,
OF ANNAPOLIS, MD.,
Says: " * * Colden's **Liebg's Liquid Extract of Beef** is a most excellent preparation. It is **par excellence Superior to cod liver oil** or anything I have ever used in wasted or impaired constitutions, and extremely beneficial as a preventive of **malarial diseases.**" French & Richards, Druggists, Agents, Philadelphia.

WANTED ONE SALESMAN for each State. Salary from $75 to $100 per Month and expenses. References required.
LA BELLE M'F'G CO.,
93 Clark Street, Chicago.

AGENTS READ THIS
We will pay Agents a Salary of $100 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. We mean what we say. Sample free. Address Shuman & Co., Marshall, Mich.

$10 to $1000 invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 17 Wall St., N.Y.

$200 profits on 30 days' investment of $100. —Official Reports, free.— Proportional returns every week on Stock Options of $25, $50, $100 to $5000. Address, T. Potter Wight & Co., Bankers, 58 Wall St., N.Y.

PENSIONS!
SOLDIERS wounded or injured in the service, even if but slightly disabled, can obtain pension from date of discharge, under the new pension law, if application is made at once. Send stamp for blanks and new soldier circular.
W. C. BERINGER & CO.,
Oldest Claim Agency in the State, 116 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. [4-4.-4t.]

ALEXANDER TAIT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office and residence adjoining Post-Office, St. Augustine, Cambria county, Pa. [4-4.-1t.pd.]

THE WONDERFUL GROWTH
OF THE
GRAND DEPOT

WILL BE SEEN THE MOMENT VISITORS STEP INTO THE TWO ACRES OF DRY GOODS. ON ALL HANDS IT IS ADMITTED THAT THIS IS THE BEST SHOPPING PLACE IN THE UNITED STATES. WHAT MAKES MR. WANAMAKER'S STORE SO POPULAR IS

1st—That Everybody is Obliging.
2d—No One is Pressed to Buy.
3d—The Stock is so Fresh and New.
4th—The Stock is the Largest in the City.
5th—The Prices are Fixed and the Lowest.
6th—Exchanges are Made or Money Returned.

☞ Save this List of Dress Goods—you will be amazed at the Largeness and Goodness of the Dress Goods Stock—and kindly come to the counters and Examine the Goods. Send Samples and speak to your friends of the wonderful variety and real cheapness of the new things for Spring.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

The Dress Goods at the Grand Depot.

For a very small outlay a pretty suit can be made for Spring from the following:

Fancy Striped Suitings	6½c.
Fancy Mixed Suitings	7c.
Twilled Striped Suitings	8c.
Beige Poplins	10c.
Wash Poplins	10c.
Florentine Checks	12½c.
Half-Wool Cashmeres	12½c.
Hair Line Plaids	12½c.
Striped Mohairs	12½c.
Campbell's Hair Stripes	18c.
Oxford Suitings	18c.
English Striped Suitings	18c.
Mohair Suitings	18c.
Gray Twilled Beige	20c.
Chena Suitings	20c.
Striped Beige	20c.
Empress Suitings	25c.
Anglesea Stripes	25c.
Melange Suitings	25c.
All-Wool Bunting	25c.
Pekin Stripes	25c.
All-Wool Spring Serge	25c.
Spring Cashmeres	28c.
English Damasse	28c.
Brilliantine Mohairs	28c.
Brocade Mohairs	28c.
Madonna Cloths	30c.
Striped Sateens	30c.
All-Wool Lace Bunting	37½c.
Silk Poupee	37½c.
Silk Brocades	40c.

IN RICH PARIS NOVELTIES

We are showing some Very Choice Styles in All Silk and Wool Textures.

COLORED S

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - - APRIL 25, 1879.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

HERE THERE AND THE OTHER PLACE.

—Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco. [1-3-1y.]

—Corn, chop and feed of all kinds at Barkers'.

—A circus will hold forth in Johnstown on the 10th of May.

—Altoona has all the way 43 applications for tavern license.

—Go to McDonald's, Loretto, for cheap goods of all kinds.

—The chirrup of the cheerful frog is again heard in the land.

—Work was begun on the Huntingdon penitentiary this week.

—Carrolltown thinks it ought to be made a money order postoffice.

—Go to McDonald's, Loretto, for good and cheap boots and shoes.

—A large number of new houses are being built in Altoona this Spring.

—Go to McDonald's, Loretto, for ladies' dress goods and fancy soaps.

—White lead, oils, paint brushes, &c., at the lowest prices at Barkers'.

—Go to McDonald's, Loretto, for ladies' trimmed and untrimmed hats.

—For bargains the best in goods of all kind go to Loretto and Tetelbaum find it.

—Plattville is petitioning for the re-establishment of a postoffice at that place.

—Eight papers of Landreth's celebrated garden seeds at Barkers' for a quarter.

—On goods the best kind for warm weather wear, Tetelbaum of Loretto has a full share.

—The largest stock of muslins, prints, dress goods, &c., &c., at lowest prices, at Barkers'.

—The snow shovel brigade on the mountain division of the P. R. R. cost $20,000 last winter.

—V. S. Barker & Bro. are selling more goods and cheaper goods than any one else in town.

—Huntingdon county sent five convicted prisoners to the Western Penitentiary last Monday.

—The Loretto Dramatic Association gave an entertainment in Carrolltown last Saturday evening.

—By the vote of 126 for to 4 against, Bedford borough has been divided into two election districts.

—The Callan House at Cresson is being put in tip-top trim for the Spring and Summer campaign.

—Rev. Charles Jaekel has ceased to be editor of Mr. Harry Slep's German newspaper at Altoona.

—With a stock that's complete and prices cut cheap, Teitelbaum of Loretto still keeps top of the heap.

—A baby whose parents were German emigrants Westward bound died on the cars near Johnstown last Friday.

—Letters received lately give assurance of a prosperous outlook for the Cambria colony located in Ellis county, Kansas.

—Messrs. Ricker and Mager, horse dealers, are in the northern part of this county buying horses for the eastern market.

—The rush still continues at the Sunbeam gallery for the cheap and fine pictures for which it is becoming widely noted.

—Hon. T. J. Coffey, of Washington, D. C., has engaged rooms for himself and family at Belmont for the coming heated term.

—The latest invention of Mr. Peter Campbell, Carrolltown, is a patent wrench which is said to do its work in a superior manner.

—Hon. Jacob M. Campbell is chosen as a traverse juror for the term of the United States Court to be held in Pittsburgh in May.

—Another car load of that superior flour has just been received by V. S. Barker & Bro., which will be sold at the low price of $1.25 per bbl.

—Mr. John J. Irvin, of Altoona, a brakeman, was drugged while in Pittsburgh the other day and robbed of a considerable sum of money.

—With the change of the moon came a most gratifying change in the weather, and the farmers and gardeners have got down to hard work.

—It is stated that John C. Gates, Esq., of White township, would not object to being put on the Republican ticket as the nominee for Sheriff.

—Mr. Ed. O'Brien, of Allegheny township, took his departure for the far West on Wednesday last, with Salina, Kansas, as the objective point.

—On Wednesday of last week a fish of the sucker species thirty inches long was caught by Mr. John Griffith in the Conemaugh river at Summerhill.

—Go to McDonald's, Loretto, for queensware, glassware, hardware, and, in fact, anything and everything usually kept in a first-class country store.

—Mr. George Potter, a well-known and much respected citizen of Altoona, died at his residence in that city on Tuesday morning last, in the 72d year of his age.

—All Johnstown got drunk last Saturday night and in one of the many rows which ensued Chief-of-police Harris was knocked down and seriously damaged.

—The Pennsylvania Railroad bridge over the river at Johnstown having been provisionally inspected, the pier on the Millville side will be torn down and rebuilt.

—John E. M'Calmb, Esq., of Blair county, has been appointed a clerk in the office of the Secretary of Internal Affairs at Harrisburg, under Hon. A. K. Dunkel.

—Senator Lemon was quite sick this week, and those who feared he would be suffering to be out of large enough proportions to keep away from his seat in the capitol.

—Altoona will have at least one week's silence of local option. The licenses for the city expire on the 29th instant, and cannot be renewed before the 5th of May.

—Mr. Geo. Gantz has just received a large stock of spring and summer goods, and we are glad to see that he always has his determination to give every woman and child who will accept his bargains they ever enjoyed.

—Dexter, a colored barber who resided in Gallitzin, this county, was found in East Liberty, on Tuesday last white in a pile, as he supposed, on a freight car. His body was horribly mangled. He was a married man and one child.

—The standing committee of the Cambria county bar met in Johnstown on Wednesday last to take into consideration the resignations of Messrs. Chal Dick, Jas. Scott and Samuel Scott for admission to the bar of those who swear by Blackstone. They constitute a trio who doubtless will be sadly missed by their preceptors.

—The committee to fix on a location for the next State fair took in the claims of Altoona in that connection last Saturday.—Their report has not yet been made public, but *fair* be it from us to hope that it will be adverse to the Mountain City.

—Mr. Charles Maus, of Lewisburg, Union county, aged 85 years, was burned to death by his clothing taking fire from a burning match a few days since. He was an uncle of Mr. Henry Maus, of Hollidaysburg, and carried a musket in the war of 1812.

—The Jackson township oil well has been heard from. Mr. John Fulton, of Johnstown, a gentleman of scientific attainments, has lately paid it a visit of inspection, and gives it as his deliberate opinion that there is oil there, but not in paying quantities.

—A little boy named Cogan drank a solution of concentrated lye in Altoona one day last week, and came near dying. Is it generally known that the taking into the stomach of large quantities of grease will neutralize the effects of concentrated lye?

—The reason why V. S. Barker & Bro. are selling goods all the time, while others are idle, is that people always go where they find things the lowest, and the Barker Brothers have gained the reputation of selling goods at the very lowest prices. Thus they have plenty of customers.

—We defy the truly good man of the *Herald* to cite a single instance in which we charged less or more than transient rates for transient advertising, or less or more than regular rates for regular advertising unless the necessities of the advertiser demanded a reduction.—Dare he say as much?

—Officer Wherley reports that while on a business tour through Clearfield township last week, he saw three black bears cross the road a short distance in advance of the horse he was riding. He wisely reined in till they had got out of sight. Three to one, you know, is not fair play.

—The work of beautifying Kittanning Point is progressing rapidly. The centre flower bed is almost finished, with an elevation of five feet in the centre. There are three flower beds on each side of the centre bed to be filled in by and by. The slopes at the Point are being graded.

—Mr. A. W. Buck, cashier of Collins, Johnston & Co.'s bank in this place, received a dispatch this afternoon stating that the suit which has been pending in London involving $4,000,000, has been decided in favor of the Messrs. Collins, contractors of the 180 miles of railroad in Brazil.

—Mr. Pindle, the moving spirit in the Blacklick township railroad project, informs us that a charter for that enterprise will be laid before the Legislature for its sanction at an early day. He is encouraged by many promised subscriptions to the capital stock of the proposed company.

—The rival claims of General Washington and Christopher Columbus to pre-eminence as benefactors of the human race were recently taken into consideration by a Carrolltown debating club, and it is gratifying to our national pride to learn that the General came out first-best in the contest.

—It is not often that our amiable friend up street forgets so important a personage as himself, but when he alleged that we had more cheek than an ordinary government mule he must certainly have overlooked the braying donkey who draws government rations as postmaster of Ebensburg.

—Trough Creek, Huntingdon county, has a curiosity in the shape of a fully developed double-headed calf, alive and kicking. It has only two ears, but four separate and perfect eyes and two mouths, and eats as readily with one as with the other. When it eats with one mouth it works the other also.

—It is the height of folly to go to Altoona, or any other town where stores pay big rents, and expect to get better or even as good bargains in dry goods, dress goods, clothing, hats, caps, boots, shoes, notions, etc., as you can find any day in the week at the cheap cash store of M. J. Teitelbaum, in Loretto.

—A couple of Altoona boys stole $50 from their parents one day last week, and went to Johnstown to spend the money. One of them was picked up by the police of the latter place, and the other was subsequently captured at his own home. They are now looking on life as seen through the bars of a jail.

—The Altoona *Tribune*, which generally talks by the hook on railroad topics, says in its issue of yesterday that Conductor M. A. Quartz has been transferred from the Ebensburg branch to the Williamsburg branch, and Conductor Harvey Campbell, of the Williamsburg branch, goes to the Ebensburg branch.

—Ex-Treasurer Beamer, formerly of Blair county, but now a resident of Salina, Kansas, has written a letter in which he describes that country out there as beautiful, and the soil rich beyond anything he had ever seen. He says a farmer who could not be happy on such land would not be happy in the garden of Eden.

—The first snow of the winter which we fondly hope is gone to return no more fell on the 18th day of last October. Precisely six months afterward, or last Friday, the 18th instant, another snow visited us, though its stay was necessarily made brief by some warm breezes which came to see us shortly afterward.

—One of the members of the new Woolen Mill firm desires us to say that the establishment will be put in operation for the doing of country work on or about the first of next month. We note the fact with pleasure, and trust that the enterprising gentlemen who have the matter in hand will find it a paying investment.

—While leisurely walking along the main track of the Pennsylvania railroad near Blairsville Tuesday afternoon, John Heckman, residing at No. 162 Third street, Allegheny city, Pa., was struck and instantly killed by having his skull crushed by the day express east. It is thought he was dead. The remains were removed to Pittsburgh for interment.

—Large numbers of raftsmen have passed through town during the present week on their way to their homes at the headwaters of the Susquehanna. They report the trip down the river as having been a favorable one, with fair prices for timber prevailing at Lock Haven. Where one raft went to market last year, two are said to have gone this year.

—Mr. John Weakland, one of Johnstown's oldest citizens, died at the residence of his son, Mr. Michael Weakland, in that place, last Tuesday morning. His age was about 97 years. The old gentleman was one of the victims in the railroad depot accident in 1867, having his left leg broken at the knee and being otherwise seriously injured in the catastrophe.

—Three children of Mrs. Stewart Walters, of Beaver Mills, White township, this county, died of diphtheria last Friday, and the following Sunday two children of her brother-in-law, Mr. Christopher Walters, living in the same neighborhood, and aged respectively nine and thirteen years, died of the same disease. The bereaved parents have our earnest sympathies.

—A Hollidaysburger with a set-net caught 600 catfish, 43 suckers and one eel in the reservoir near that place one night last week, and a companion with a dip-net captured over 400 suckers. In view of this wholesale destruction of the finny tribe by illegal means, it is not much wonder the *Register* waits to know what has become of their local Fish and Game Association.

—The attention of the ladies is respectfully invited to the card of Miss M. E. Davis, who has just received a fine line of millinery and fancy goods, ladies' hats, etc., which she promises to sell at the lowest possible prices. Miss Davis understands how to please her patrons, and the lady readers of the FREEMAN should consult their own interests by giving her a call.

—Mr. Port Crawford, of the Huntingdon *Monitor*, has resigned the First Lieutenancy of Co. D, Fifth P. N. G., to which position he was elected on the organization of that body a couple of weeks ago. As there doesn't seem to be a war looming up, we are at a loss to understand this move on the part of our friend. Does singing "Baby mine" monopolize all your spare moments?

—Benjamin F. Weigandt, who was sent to the Western penitentiary from Blair county at the late term of that Court on conviction of assault and battery with intent to commit a rape, died in that institution last Saturday. The ailment which carried him off is said to have been a broken heart, superinduced by moody contemplations of his confinement with felons and for a high crime.

—We may have more cheek than an ordinary government mule, but we certainly don't possess enough of that commodity to play second fiddle to the only existing political ring that could possibly have anything to do with building a new Court House and at the same time charge another paper that does not command a cent's worth of its patronage with being the only real champion of ring-rule.

—The Altoona Iron Company, as noted last week, precipitated a "lock-out" on its operatives, but this state of affairs did not long continue. New men were put to work, and on Monday the mill was again blown in. Thus falls another of those so-called "unions," which, under the manipulation of unscrupulous leaders, have uniformly been found prejudicial to the true interests of the workingman.

—Edward, son of our friend and patron, Mr. John Galligan, of Gallitzin, while on his way to the Summit for a doctor, last Sunday, got to playing with a pistol and shot himself through the left hand. On Monday following, a son of Thomas Hook, also of Gallitzin, went to Tunnel Hill to visit an aunt, and there found a revolver and made a plaything of it. A bullet in his left fore-arm is what the doctors are looking for but up to latest advices have been unable to find.

—Teitelbaum! Teitelbaum! 'tis a fact beyond doubt that you are the man whom folks talk about when dry goods and dress goods, and other things that you sell, are brought into question, and the plain story they tell is that no man in the biz can a better stock show or pretend to compete with your prices so low; and for that reason Loretto in the mercantile trade has won a big name that never will fade.

—Mr. Henry Nuttman, of Newburg, Kansas—a young gentleman whom we had the pleasure of meeting during our recent visit to Salina—was married on Tuesday last, at St. Joseph's (German) Catholic church, Johnstown, to Miss Rose, daughter of our friend and patron, Mr. Charles Ruth, of the latter place. The young and happy couple have our best wishes for a long and prosperous life in this world and never-ending felicity in the world to come.

—The reason why Mr. Henry Garman, who is a Democrat and a worthy young man, was retained in his position as engineer at the water-works by the Republican Council, is probably to be found in the fact that the windmill which is to supersede him was on its way to this place at the time the slate was being made out, and a change under the circumstances would work to the advantage of no one. The attention of our neighbor of the *Herald* is mildly directed to this explanation.

—The Huntingdon *Semi-Weekly News* says that on Saturday last Mr. Joseph Hawn, a soldier in the late war, was buried in the cemetery at that place. Some time previous to his death he claimed a pension from the Government, and made application to the Commissioner of Pensions for the full amount due him. On the day of his burial a voucher was received from the Department showing that he was entitled to a pension of $1,500. Deceased had two children, who will probably receive the sum.

—The name of the man who was run over by the Philadelphia express at Lilly's station on the 11th of last month and dangerously hurt has been discovered to be Allen Lydick. He is of unsound mind, and lived with a son-in-law in Indiana county. When struck by the cars, he was on his way to Troutville, where one of his sons is engaged in the practice of medicine. Under the kindly attention of Mr. James Maulls and family, Gallitzin, to whose hotel he was removed, the old man is in a fair way of recovery.

—The Republican authorities of Ebensburg, like most of the Republican business men of the county, don't advertise to a very alarming extent in Democratic newspapers, and especially don't knock down prices on the *Herald* in order to extend aid and comfort to the FREEMAN. But they, you know, wield a much more limited patronage, and are confined to much narrower limits, hence it is not to be expected that they should be imbued with such broad and liberal views as some of the Democratic county officials indulge in that direction.

—Mary Dolan is said to be the name of the woman who abandoned her lately born infant in Altoona one evening last week. Smugly ensconced in a basket and well wrapped up, it was left, as we stated in our last issue, on the steps of the St. John's Catholic parsonage, where it was soon after discovered and taken care of. Subsequently, the little one was adopted by an estimable family, and will no doubt receive careful training. As to the heartless mother, she is a Centre county widow, and is thought to be now in Johnstown, where she claimed to have relatives living.

—Our borough auditors inform us that during the past year it cost $322.08 to keep the reservoir of the water works filled, while the revenue received for the use of the fluid was $219.84—a dead loss of $102.24. The new windmill, which is being put in position this week, and which will require to be very small outlay to keep in running order, is confidently looked to to reverse these figures. The manifest of the mill shows that its weight is a ton and a half, while its cost was about $500. By the way, is this not the first windmill (the editor of the *Herald* excepted) ever brought into use in Cambria county?

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LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CARROLLTOWN, PA., April 21, 1879.

DEAR FREEMAN:—Yesterday Rev. Boniface Wirtner, O. S. B., son of Benj. Wirtner, Esq., of this place, and brother of Rev. Anthony Wirtner, of St. Vincent's College, celebrated his first Mass in the parish church of this community. At 10 a. m. the Rev. celebrant was waited upon at his room in the monastery by the Revs. Father Prior, Denis, Otto, Anthony and Vincent, O. S. B., by his father, mother and near relatives; a large number of little girls dressed in white, boys dressed in gala attire, and the Carrolltown S. C. Band, all of whom in reverse order from the above conducted him in procession to the church, the band meantime discoursing the most impressive music. At 10½ the ceremonies of the holy sacrifice of the Mass were begun in the presence of a more than usually large congregation. The Rev. celebrant was assisted by Father Otto as deacon, Father Vincent as sub-deacon, Father Anthony as assistant, and Fathers Prior and Denis as masters of ceremonies. In the sanctuary, serving as altar boys, were all of the Rev. celebrant's little brothers, four in number, the youngest of whom is only five years old. Outside of the communion railing sat three little girls, two of whom were his sisters, dressed and wreathed as bridesmaids; the smallest one only three years old, holding in her hand a wreath, which at a later stage of the ceremonies—that is, before the Offertory—was placed on the arm of the celebrant. After the gospel, Father Anthony ascended the pulpit and delivered the sermon for the occasion, taking for his subject "The Priesthood" and speaking from the text, "As my Father has sent me I also send you." After a few preliminary remarks to the congregation, he addressed his brother, the Rev. celebrant, and asked his blessing upon the people and himself, that they might the better receive the word of God and he the more befittingly deliver it. He acquitted himself well of his arduous task, and made every one present, on the occasion of the occasion when he personally addressed his brother at the altar and reminded him of the loftiness of his vocation, feel that the happiest moment of the triumphs he could achieve while in pursuit of his holy calling.

During the Mass the immediate relatives of the celebrant received Holy Communion from his hands, and after the ceremonies at church the procession re-formed, and, led by the band, marched to Mr. Wirtner's residence, where a grand repast awaited the many invited friends of the family.

On Saturday evening last, the Loretto Dramatic club gave an entertainment at Wirtner's hall, but I am sorry to say that the attendance was not as large as the proficiency of the young amateurs merited. One reason which may be assigned for this is that an entertainment was to be given by the pupils of the parochial school on next Thursday evening, has been looked forward to with considerable expectations, and consequently absorbed all interest in the way of amusement. I would take occasion here to suggest to my Loretto friends, as well as to all amateurs in the art of pleasing upon the stage, that at the present day, when unfortunately the great tendency of our young men is to wield profanity in conversation, too much care cannot be exercised in the selection of pieces, shadow of anything irreverent from amusement. A little wit, done up in emphatic style, may excite applause and provoke a smile from the most serious for the time being, and perhaps do no harm; yet where children are among the audience it certainly has a tendency to "scandalize some of those little ones." PLEASANT WORDS.

THE CONDITION OF OUR BOROUGH FINANCES.—Messrs. W. H. Davis, R. H. Tudor and George J. Rodgers, auditors, have published their statement in the *Herald* of the financial condition of Ebensburg borough at the close of the year ending April 16th, instant. From it we glean the following facts and figures: The total amount charged against Mr. Morgan Hughes, late collector and treasurer, is $8,835.58. He collected and paid to borough tax, $879.54; dog tax, $86; special three-mill tax, $527.14; special eight-mill tax, $1,406,-35; water revenue, $219.84; from other sources, $706.71. The disbursements were—hauling, street repairs and street commissioner, $129.28; clerk of Council, $40; printing, $21.25; Dauntless Fire Company, $125; police $6.65; water works, $322.08; State tax on bonds, $35.31; paid bonds and interest after 1 series, $789.62; paid bonds and interest after 2 series, $1,125; other commission and exonerations, $186.88; other expenses, $200.-75; amount due the borough, $857.56. The new windmill, which is being put in position this week, and which will require to be very small outlay to keep in running order, is confidently looked to to reverse these figures. The manifest of the mill shows that its weight is a ton and a half, while its cost was about $500. By the way, is this not the first windmill (the editor of the *Herald* excepted) ever brought into use in Cambria county?

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POETICAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

LEAVING THE HOMESTEAD.

O, must we leave the dear old place,
And bonny Spring so near?
Each spot is hallowed by some trace
To recollection dear.
The apple tree,
Where sported free
The birds in Summer time,
The shrubs and flowers,
Fed by the showers,—
The purple-laden vine.
And must we leave this cosy room,
Blest by familiar tie?
O, cruel fortune!—wretched doom!—
I thought me here to die!
Here warmly shone
The Summer's sun,
Till, in the golden West,
His level ray,
At close of day,
Called chattering birds to rest.
Here lived your mother happy days,
And in this house she died.
You sported here in childish ways
From morn till eventide.
There, on the rug, beside the stove,
Did doze the purring puss;
And slyly from his corner, there,
Did peep the tiny mouse.
Oft pies did fry,
With watchful eye,
To seize the wary prey;
But watchful, he
Did frisk in glee,
And scamper, swift, away.
Alas! how every little thing
Comes up into my mind!
Each recollection bears a sting,
With pleasing thought combined:
For this dear spot,
And every cot,
For aye, we leave behind.
When Summer called to busy toil,
Through field and window, Dame
Came droning bee intent to spoil
The posies growing, rare.
Each nectared cup he visited,
And stole it's hoarded store.
Then off, amid the petals hid,
With pollen covered over.
By rich aroma lulled, he'd hie
And doze awhile in sweet,
Till, rousing up, away he'd hie
To social hive returning:
Where, safe, he'd stay
All night, till day
Call'd him, again, to roam,
As happy, he,
As here, were we,
When this was *our* loved home.
But we must leave this sunny spot
To rest the weary head;
Yet ne'er can mem'ries be forgot
Of joys forever fled.
How cosy here the evening meal
Of healthful, homely food,
Each happy face displayed the zeal
Stamped by the fear of God.
His blessing craved,
All pride was waived,
We heartily enjoying
The healthful food
From garden-road
With appetite uncloying.
Here we were wont at eventide
To gather 'round in prayer,
And were we ever yet denied
A Heavenly Father's care?
A happy band,
We hand in hand,
Enjoying our home together,
And naught did cloy
Our social joy
Each lived to serve the other.
'Tis over now, and gone for naught
Is all our jubilee!
The years have flown, with burthens fraught
And left no worldly spoil:
But we have lived in happiness,—
Enjoying life's fruition;—
Perchance our lives may weigh no less
Though wrecked each fond ambition.
We all knew how,
With cheering brow,
To till the fertile soil;—
So naught we'll fear
For coming year,
Nor from our lot recoil.
Yet, I thought to live on the dear old place
Till the sands of life were ran,—
For if there's any place I fondly face,
When bathed in the morning sun.
'Tis a dreary thing, when a man is old,
To seek for another home;—
O, the new retreat seems dark and cold,
Though decked in the Summer-bloom!
But I'm growing old and my time I'll bide
To be gathered among my race;
Farewell, farewell to the old fireside!
Farewell to the dear old place!

A. D. H.

CAMBRIA MILLS.

There's a dear little spot enclosed by the hills,
With woods resting on them so silent and deep,
Where the bridge o'er the waters that flow by the mills
Look down where the willows and wild lilies sleep.

From out the high window the miller sees down
On cottages clustering near—
On shop, barn and school—a miniature town—
And homestead so loved and so dear.

There sings the birdies their merriest notes,
And children in carelessness play:
The voice of the maiden in melody floats
Gladly out at the close of the day.

The matron stands musing at her cottage door,
And, mingled with sounds of the mill,
She hears those sweet lays from the home where of yore
She sang with as merry a will.

Dear Cambria! your homes on the steep mountain's side,
Scatter far in their peacefulness rest,
And nooks full of beauty, like this, are your pride,
Where your children are bravest and best.

Cambria Mills! may the hills still enclose you around
Where you stand in the sheltering glade;
May your beauty, so wild, unchanged still be found,
And sorrow your homes ne'er invade.

ANOIE.

The breath of spring is in the air,
Take care; take care;
Your wife for you has laid a snare,
Beware, beware.
She meets you when you come from town,
She sweetly smiles as you sit down,
She gets your slippers and your gown,
She drives away each care and frown;
Take care; beware;
She wants a new Spring bonnet.
She ought to have it, too. And she ought to have a new dress, and cloak, and shawl, and all from a new St. John Lloyd & Co., High street, Ebensburg, have a nice line of dress and dry goods, clothing, etc., from which you are invited to take your pick. They have also groceries, notions, boots, shoes, hats, caps, and all other goods usually kept in a first-class store, and marked at prices twenty per cent. lower than the figures of most other merchants.

Ain now the gay and festive frog
In the slimy marshes sports,
While the flashy Broadway mob
Blows his nose and snorts.

The dainty, blushing maiden
O'er the green is tripping,
While the robin, musing laden,
Is in the tree-tops flitting.

And M. Wolf, 1111 Eleventh avenue, Altoona, goes on from morning to night dispensing bargains in ready-made clothing to crowds of eager customers. He has a remarkably full line of Spring wear, all of the very latest styles, and the public are not slow to take advantage of such a condition of things, particularly when they discover that the price-list is more liberal than with other dealers.—When you go to Altoona, be sure to call and see M. Wolf. You will not regret it.

IN MEMORIUM.

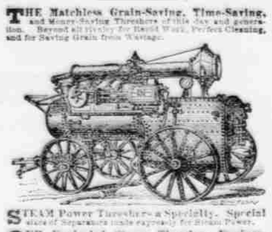
MRS. ELIZABETH MCHUGH, mother of Rev. Father McHugh, died from dropsy of the heart on the 9th of the present month, strengthened by the holy sacraments of the Catholic Church, at the home of her son in Wilmore, this county, after having lived to the advanced age of 89 years. The deceased was born in the County Fermanagh, Ireland, in the year 1789, came to this county with her husband in 1822, and lived for ten years in Centre county, this State, after which they moved to Cambria, since when the family has continued to reside in the vicinity of Wilmore.

It is our consolation to know that even in a world so forgetful of God there are many, many thousands living good and saintly lives—lives which are indeed a perpetual prayer—and to God give continual praise. As a reward therefor we are assured that they may continue to sanctify themselves more and more, and may bless by their good example those who surround them. We may truly say that Mrs. McHugh was one of these. She was a saint of the hidden life. Her faith in God was beautiful in its simplicity, trusting in Him and His revelations as the little child confides in its loving parent. She raised a large family and had the pleasure of seeing them humbly practice faithfully the faith she loved so well. But the crowning glory of her joy was to see her youngest and most devoted child aspire to receive the holy dignity of the priesthood. On the day that her son stood on the altar and offered up his first Mass in her presence she might well exclaim like the aged Simeon, "Now, oh! Lord, dismiss thy servant in peace, for my eyes have seen Thy salvation." She survived Father McHugh for the last few years, where, free from all worldly cares, she devoted herself entirely to the welfare of her soul. She bore her sufferings with truly Christian fortitude and resignation. Her mind was clear to the last, and she fully realized her condition and waited for the moment of dissolution to arrive, and when it did come how gloriously exemplified was the fact that Death has no terror for the good, who may be said to be only going to see God.

We have not seen such a large funeral for many a day. A great many of the clergy were in the sanctuary. The last prayers over the remains were said by Rev. J. Berg, of Mt. Aloysius, after which the remains were laid in their final resting place in the graveyard adjoining the church to await the great resurrection. May she rest in peace.

NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO.,
Battle Creek, Mich.
ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE
"VIBRATOR"
THRESHING MACHINERY.

THE Matchless Grain-Saving, Time-Saving, and Money-Saving Threshers of this day and generation. Beyond all rivalry for Rapid Work, Perfect Cleaning, and for Saving Grain from Wastage.



STEAM Power Threshers a Specialty. Special sizes of Separators made expressly for Steam Power.

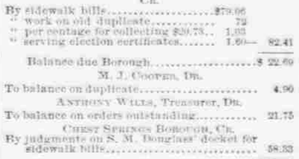
OUR Unrivaled Steam Thresher Engines, both Portable and Traction, with Valuable Improvements, far beyond any other make or kind.

THE ENTIRE Threshing Expenses (and often three to five times that amount) can be made by the Extra Grain SAVED by these Improved Machines.

GRAIN Raisers will not submit to the enormous wastage of Grain and the inferior work done by all other machines, when once introduced on the farm.

NOT Only Vastly Superior for Wheat, Oats, Barley, Rye, and Buckwheat, but the Only Successful Threshers and Cleaners of Timothy, Millet, Clover, and Flax Seeds. Requires no "attachments" or "rebuilding" to change from Grain to Seeds.

IN Thorough Workmanship, Elegant Finish, Perfection of Parts, Completeness of Equipment, etc., our "Vibrator" Thresher Outfits are Incomparable.



MARVELOUS for Simplicity of Parts, using less than one-half the usual Belts and Gears. Makes Clean Work, with no Extra Caps or Scatterings.

FOUR Sizes of Separators Made, Ranging from Six to Twelve-Horse size, and two styles of Mounted Horse Powers, with four and six-horse.

FOR Particulars, Call on our Dealers or write to us for Illustrated Circular, which we mail free.

GALLITZIN BOROUGH.—Receipts and Expenditures of Gallitzin Borough from April 8, 1878, to April 9, 1879:

GEO. GETTWALT, Collector, DR.

To amount of duplicate for 1878		$215.65
" balance on " 1878		47.56

VIGORENE

THE GREAT POSITIVE CURE for all DISEASES arising from a deranged condition of the BLOOD, LIVER, NERVES, or DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

The Best Family Medicine on Earth.

$100 IN GOLD

is now tendered afflicted with a disease that VIGORENE will not relieve or cure, providing the bones or organs are not entirely destroyed by disease.

VIGORENE

is scientifically compounded from Herbs, Roots, Barks and Gums found in California and the West Indies, combining a Tonic, Alterative, Aperient, Diuretic and Sudorific.

Its immediate effect upon the digestive organs, whether impaired by disease or extracted from any cause, is to increase their power of assimilation and nutrition. It increases the appetite, assists digestion, and gives firmness and tone to the muscular and circulating system. It stimulates the vital powers to renewed activity, purifies the fluids, tones the organs to healthful action, and pushes the fluids, tones the organs to healthful action, and pushes their healthy functions.

THE ONLY TRUE REMEDY FOR COLDS.

It is unsafe to experiment upon the virtues of this GREAT REMEDY. If you are suffering from BILIOUS ATTACK, DYSPEPSIA, or INDIGESTION, DEBILITATED, GENERAL DEBILITY, CONSTIPATION, KIDNEY or NERVOUS DISEASES, or any disorder arising from IMPURE BLOOD, get a bottle of VIGORENE and take it as per Directions upon each bottle, in English, German, Spanish and French. One bottle will better convince you of its merits than volumes expressed in printers' ink.

A trial of one bottle insures its adoption in every family for we then, Woman or Child can take VIGORENE and remain long sick. It first cleanses the system, then repairs, then builds up, thus curing disease and establishing health on a permanent, safe and enduring basis.

Put up in large bottles, and is pleasant to take.

Sold by Druggists Generally. Price, $1.00 per Bottle.

Walker & Badger Mfg. Co., Prop'rs,
40 John Street, New York.

VIGORENE

☞ For sale by Lemmon & Murray, Ebensburg, who are authorized to guarantee VIGORENE to prove as represented. [10-11,'78.-1y.]

THE MILD POWER

CURES

HUMPHREYS'

HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS

Been in general use for twenty years. Everywhere proved the most SAFE, SIMPLE, ECONOMICAL and EFFICIENT medicines known. They are just what the people want, saving time, money, sickness and suffering. Every single specific the well tried prescription of an eminent physician.

Nos.	Cures.	Cents.
1.	Fevers, Congestion, Inflammations,	25
2.	Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic,	25
3.	Crying-Colic, or Teething of Infants,	25
4.	Diarrhœa, of Children or Adults,	25
5.	Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic,	25
6.	Cholera-Morbus, Vomiting,	25
7.	Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis,	25
8.	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache,	25
9.	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo,	25
10.	Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach,	25
11.	Suppressed, or Painful Periods,	25
12.	Whites, too Profuse Periods,	25
13.	Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing,	25
14.	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions,	25
15.	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains,	25
16.	Fever and Ague, Chill Fever, Ague,	50
17.	Piles, blind or bleeding,	50
18.	Ophthalmy, and Sore or Weak Eyes,	50
19.	Catarrh, acute or chronic, Influenza,	50
20.	Whooping-Cough, violent coughs,	50
21.	Asthma, oppressed Breathing,	50
22.	Ear Discharges, Impaired hearing,	50
23.	Scrofula, enlarged Glands, Swellings,	50
24.	General Debility, Physical Weakness,	50
25.	Dropsy and scanty Secretions,	50
26.	Sea-Sickness, Sickness from riding,	50
27.	Kidney-Disease, Gravel,	50
28.	Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness,	1 00
29.	Sore Mouth, Canker,	50
30.	Urinary Weakness, wetting the bed,	50
31.	Painful Periods, or with Spasms,	50
32.	Disease of Heart, palpitations, etc.	1 00
33.	Epilepsy, Spasms, St. Vitus' Dance,	1 00
34.	Diphtheria, ulcerated sore throat,	50
35.	Chronic Conzestions and Eruptions,	50

FAMILY CASES.

Case, Morocco, with above 35 large vials and Manual of Directions, $10.00

Case Morocco, of 23 large vials and Book, 6.00

These remedies are sent by the case single box or vial, to any part of the country, free of charge, on receipt of price. Address

Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.
Office and Depot, 109 Fulton St., New York.

For sale by all Druggists.

☞ Humphreys' Specific Manual on the care and treatment of disease and its cure, sent FREE on application.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

Cray's Specific Medicine.

TRADE MARK. Is especially re- TRADE MARK.

commended as an unfailing cure for SEMINAL WEAKNESS, SPERMATORRHŒA, IMPOTENCY, and all diseases that follow as a sequence of Self-Abuse—as Before Taking: Loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other diseases that lead to Insanity, Consumption and a Premature Grave, all of which as a rule are first caused by deviating from the path of nature and over indulgence. The Specific Medicine is the result of life study and many years of experience in treating these special diseases. After Taking.

Full particulars in our pamphlets, which we desire to send free by mail to every one.

The Specific Medicine is sold by all Druggists at $1 per package, or four packages for $5; or will be sent by mail on receipt of the money by addressing THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,

No. 10 Michanics' Block, Detroit, Mich.

☞ Sold in Ebensburg by C. T. Rowland, and by Druggists everywhere.

Hamm & Ewing, Wholesale Agents, Pittsburg, Pa. [8-16.-1y.]

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

Vital weakness or depression: a weak exhausted feeling, no energy or courage; the result of mental over-work, indiscretions or excesses, or some drain upon the system, is always cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28

It tones up and invigorates the system, dispels the gloom and despondence, imparts strength and energy,—stops the drain and rejuvenates the entire man. Even used twenty years with perfect success by thousands. Sold by dealers. Price, $1.00 per single vial, or $5.00 per package of five vials and $2.00 vial of powder. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Address HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC MEDICINE COMPANY
109 FULTON STREET, N. Y.

PARKE'S MARBLE WORKS,

139 Franklin Street, Johnstown,

MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMBSTONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in price, design and character of work.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled at the very lowest cash rates. Try me.

April 24, 1873.-tf. JOHN PARKE.

J. C. McCINLEY'S

DINING ROOMS!

For Ladies and Gentlemen.

161 Wood Street, PITTSBURGH, PA.

FINEST DINING ROOMS IN THE CITY.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS. OYSTERS and SUPPERS served at short notice.

Nov. 22, 1878.-tf.

LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER

The great Blood Remedy of the age. Purifies, Strengthens and Builds Up the whole system. Makes pure Blood and gives it health-giving power to every organ. Read: "It cured me of Scrofula."—J. B. Brooks, Pleasantville, O. "It cured me of Erysipelas."—Mrs. E. Snader, Lancaster, Pa. Price $1. Sold by E. E. SELLERS & CO., Druggists, Pittsburgh. Sold by Druggists and Country Merchants.

DR. L. D. HOFFMAN,

Surgeon Dentist,

WILL make professional visits to Ebensburg on the first Monday of each month, to remain one week. Also, will be in Wilmore on the second Monday of each month, to remain one day. All work warranted.

Feb. 28, 1879.-tf.

S. H. DECKER, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
LILLY'S, CAMBRIA CO., PA.,

Offers his professional services to the citizens of Washington and adjoining townships. Office and residence on railroad street, opposite Passenger station, where night and day calls will receive prompt attention, regardless of distance or weather. Diseases of women and children a specialty.

Lilly's, March 14, 1879.-1y.

DR. M. J. BUCK,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
ALTOONA, PA.

Office and residence on Fourteenth street, near Eleventh avenue, where night calls can be made. Office hours from 8 to 10, A. M., and from 2 to 4 and 6 to 8, P. M. Special attention paid to Diseases of the Eye and Ear, as well as to Surgical Operations of every description. [4-19.-tf.]

"Custard Fish" or "Fish Custard."

Names often go a great ways in deciding likes or dislikes. A Frenchman invited a friend to partake with him of a "fricassee of boned robbins' legs." The friend pronounced it exquisite, and determined to introduce so delightful a dish at home. Imagine his disgust, his upheaval of feeling, on happening to gather from a remark of a servant that he had just eaten a fricassee of frogs' legs. Recently, when breakfasting at a "boarding school," the young ladies were helped to a dish called "custard fish" or "fish custard," and they seemed to like it. Though a nice steak was offered us as a visitor, our curiosity prompted a request for some "custard fish." The first taste showed that it was our favorite preparation of salt codfish. There is in many families a decided repugnance to the use of codfish; it is considered plebeian, as only fit for those who are too poor to have anything better. Yet it is one of the most wholesome, nourishing foods, is economical, and if rightly prepared, is very palatable. It supplies excellent nutriment both for the brain and muscles. An eminent literary friend of ours used to say that, as his wife prepared it he wanted it "eight mornings in a week."

From the hurried manner of curing and drying codfish during large catches it often happens that they are uniformly salted and cured throughout. The smallest portion neglected may injure the taste of the whole fish and others packed with it. This has had much to do with creating a dislike for this food. In purchasing codfish, it is well to examine them carefully, and select only those of uniform color throughout, and having no tainted odor at any point. Those of medium size are preferable—the smaller ones being too skinny, and the larger ones too coarse grained. There is now to be generally obtained what is called "boneless codfish," at a slightly higher price, yet cheap as compared with meat or most other fish. From those well cured, the vertebra and chief bones, the skin and fins are removed, and only the clear white portions are put up in boxes—a nice article ready for immediate use.

A great point in preparing codfish is to have it well soaked to remove all excess of salt, clear through. Two or three waters should be used. It is best to pick it finely, pour off one water and let it stand in plenty of fresh water over night, or several hours. If too fresh, which is seldom the case, salt is easily added. This thorough soaking, after it is picked fine, makes a marked difference in its flavor.

For "custard fish," boil the soaked fish in water until tender; then pour off the water and pick it very fine; have ready a quart of hot milk for three-quarters of a pound of fish, and put into it the fish, and tablespoonful of butter; stir until it boils; then stir in a well heaping tablespoonful of flour, and cook it five minutes. Let it cool a little and then stir into it two well beaten eggs without further cooking.

For nice fish balls, soak the fish in warm but not boiling water for an hour and repeat this twice; boiling water toughens it. Pour off the last water so as to leave it nearly dry, and chop it fine in a chopping bowl. Mash the boiled potatoes separately, and mix about one part of fish with two parts of potato, putting in about a tablespoonful of butter to a quart of mixture, and adding salt if needed. Make into balls or cakes. This can be done the night before. Fry in lard or drippings, using only enough to keep them from sticking to the pan. Some prefer them fried swimming in lard, but they are less digestible. If the balls are first dipped in beaten eggs, they will take up little of the cooking fat and are very good. When well made thus, they are palatable easily digested, and nutritious as well as economical.—*American Agriculturist.*

THAT USEFUL TUBER.—Under the above title the Agricultural editor of the *Herald* gives a condensation of the main points in potato culture, which we copy for the benefit of those who propose trying for full crops this season:

The soil acknowledged as best adapted to the requirements of the potato plant is a sandy loam, neither too light nor too dry; heavy soils induce a watery insipidity of flavor and render a dry, mealy product impossible. A rich fresh soil yields probably the best flavored potatoes and those least liable to disease. A calcareous soil produces good tubers and generally a sure crop, though if there is but little lime present it should be added.

Salt, ashes and gypsum are excellent fertilizers and have been known to produce on some lands astonishing results. A dressing of salt and unleached ashes applied in the growing season acts not only as a fertilizers but is a preventive of the grub prevalent in many localities. Sulphate of iron also greatly benefits a potato soil. Fresh barnyard manures are not advised. They are liable to affect the flavor of the potatoes and induce a luxuriant growth of tops at the expense of the tubers, which in consequence become an easy prey to blight. When necessary to apply manure, it is recommended that it be scattered broad cast and ploughed in.

The relative merits of whole or cut potatoes for seed agitates the agricultural world each recurring season. Both systems find advocates among successful growers. This fact proves that it is of little consequence which mode is followed, other things being equal. The general rule arising from conflicting experience and their respective results is: Select for seed none but the best and, when the tuber is cut, leave bulk enough to insure sufficient substenance to the young plant.

The distance apart of both hills and drills depends on the character of the land and the variety of potatoes planted; some sorts grow much larger tops than others. Thorough cultivation during the early season is imperative. The young tubers require a suitable bed to swell in and become irregular and fail to attain the desired size when they have to struggle with hard ground. After the vines begin to bloom, when the potatoes are forming and near the surface, cultivation should cease beyond pulling out any weeds that may make appearance.

HOTBEDS.—The *Irish Farmers' Gazette* (Dublin) says:

If gardeners and others will give a trial to the following plan they will find it less than one fourth the expense of glass frames and much more useful:

Take white cotton cloth of a close texture, stretch it, and nail it on frames of any size you wish; mix 2 ounces of lime water, 4 ounces of linseed oil, 1 ounce of white of eggs separately, 2 ounces of yolk of eggs; mix the lime and oil with a very gentle heat, beat the eggs separately and mix with the former. Spread the mixture with a paint brush on the cloth, allowing each coat to dry before applying another, until they become waterproof.

The following are some of the advantages these shutters possess over glass.

1st—The cost being hardly one fourth.

2d—Repairs are cheaply and easily made.

3d—They are light, they do not require watering; no matter how intense the heat of the sun, the plants are never struck down, faded or checked in growth, neither do they grow up long, sickly, and weakly, as they do under glass, and still there is an abundance of light. The heat entirely arises from below, and is equable and temperate, which is a great object. The vapor arises from the manure and earth, and is condensed by the cool air passing under the surface of the shutters and hangs in drops upon the inside, therefore the plants do not require so frequent watering. If the frames or stretchers are made large they should be intersected with cross-bars, about a foot square, to support the cloth. These frames are also well adapted for bringing forward flowers in season. For forcing melons, tomatoes, vegetables, etc., this prepared cloth is especially adapted, as it can be attached to boxes of any size and cut to fit them. Little, though square, boxes of the proper size and height, covered with this prepared cloth, can be placed over the beds in which roots and seeds are planted, and the plants allowed to stand without transplanting until all danger of frost is over, when the boxes may be taken off and placed carefully away for another season.

MANURE your orchards heavily and cultivate annually. Corn, potatoes, buckwheat, and all root crops may occupy the well manured orchard, but on no consideration allow the growing of oats. Oats are almost a sure death to fruit trees of any kind.

LONGEST RIVERS IN THE WORLD.—The following are the longest known rivers in the universe, with their extent:

The Amazon, in South America, falls from the Andies through a course of 2,500 miles; the Mississippi, from the Stony Mountain, runs 2,620 miles; La Plata, from the Andes, 2,215 miles; the Hoangho, in China, from the Tartarean chain of mountains, is 3,200 miles; the Yangtse-Kiang runs from the same mountains, and is 4,000 miles long; the Nile, from the Jibel Kumri Moundains, courses 2,020 miles; the Euphrates, from Ararat, is 2,020 miles long; the Danube, from the Alps, is 1,790 miles in length; the Indus, from the Hymalayas, 1,770 miles; the Ganges runs from the same source, and is 1,050 miles long; the Orinoco, from the Andes, 1,500 miles in length; the Niger, or Wharra, is 1,900 miles long; the Don, the Dneiper and the Senegal are each over 1,000 miles in length; the Rhine and the Gambina are 888 miles in extent.

Stanley's latest journey adds the Congo river to the list. Its principal source is in Lake Bangweolo, nearly in the latitude of Zanzibar. It flows north and northwest into Central Africa, 500 or 600 miles north of the equator, and then southwest into the Atantic ocean, a distance of almost 3,000 miles.

CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—In addition to its usefulness as a sedative for the nerves, celery, when cooked, is excellent for rheumatism. Cut the celery into inch dice. Boil in water until soft. No water must be poured away unless drunk by the invalid. Then take new milk, slightly thicken with flour and flavor with nutmeg; warm with the celery in the saucepan; serve with diamonds of toasted bread around the dish and eat with potatoes. Cold or damp never produces rheumatism, but simply develops it. The acid blood is the primary cause and the sustaining power of evil. While the blood is alkaline there can be no rheumatism and equally no gout. Rheumatism is impossible on such a diet.

HOW TO SPLIT ROCKS.—Farmers and others who have occasion to remove boulders from their fields, should drill a deep hole in the rock, at the proper point, and then fit into the lower portion of the hole a cylindrical ingot of lead of corresponding diameter. Then drive a mandrel, or rod, down upon the lead by repeated blows of a hammer. The lead will be expanded literally; and being inelastic, the pressure will accumulate, and after a while rupture the rock.

THE PRICE OF CORN.—The following from the Burlington *Hawk-Eye*, conveys a sound moral in a merry way, and after being laughed at may well be soberly pondered by farmers and others who are slow to see that the laws of trade "work both ways":

"No," the honest farmer remarked, in tones of deepest dejection, "the big crops don't do us a bit of good. What's the use? Corn only thirty cents! Everybody and everything's dead set agin the farmer. Only 30 cents for corn. Why it won't pay our taxes, let alone buy us clothes. It won't buy us enough salt to put up a barrel of pork. Corn only 30 cents! By jocks, it's a livin', cold-blooded swindle on the farmer, that's what it is. It ain't worth raisin' corn for such a price as that. It's a mean low robbery." Within the next ten days that man had sold so much more of his corn than he had intended that he found he had to buy corn to feed through the winter with. The price nearly knocked him down. "What!" he yelled, "30 cents for corn! Land alive—30 cents! What are you given' us? Why I don't want to buy your farm, I only want some corn! Thirty cents for corn! Why I believe there's nobody left in this world but a set of graspin,' blood-suckin' old misers. Why, good land, you don't want to be able to buy a national bank with one corn crop! Thirty cents for corn! Well I'll let my carriage-horses run on corn-stalks all winter before I'll pay such an unheard-of' outrageous price for corn as that. Why the country's flooded with corn, and 30 cents a bushel is a blamed robbery; and I don't see how any man, looking at the crop we've had, can have the face to ask such a price.

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THE VOICE OF THE

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MAKES KNOWN THE ROAD TO THESE

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GGGGG EEEEEEEE NN UUUU HH NN EEEEEEEE BBBBBB A A R R GGGGG A A HH NN NN SSSSSSSS !!!!

REVOLUTIONS AND PANICS OCCUR ONLY ONCE EVERY TWENTY OR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, AND YOU MAY NEVER LIVE TO SEE ANOTHER. At least you will probably never see another of such magnitude and power as the present one, which has brought dry goods down to half their value, and has made merchant princes to topple, money kings to go under, and some of the strongest mercantile houses in the country to throw

MILLIONS OF DOLLARS' WORTH OF GOODS ON THE MARKET TO BE SOLD AT ANY PRICE FOR CASH,

IN ORDER TO SAVE THEMSELVES FROM RUIN.

The people are joyful. They are reminded of the days when gold and silver jingled in their pockets, and when the hard-earned dollar was not swallowed up by extortion and exorbitant prices. To the merchants our dealings are shrouded deeper and deeper in mystery, every day. Standard good wide muslin (unbleached) at 5½c and good dark prints 4c. The cotton in these prints is worth more to grow it. And those dark ginghams at 5½c. were never made to be sold for that money.

MANY THINGS ARE FAR BELOW THE MANUFACTURER'S PRICES.

The story is this: The merchants buy their goods in Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, the Pittsburgh and Philadelphia merchants buy of the New York jobbers, the jobbers buy of the wholesale merchant and he again buys of the importer or agent. These men all live in marble fronts, drives fast horses, and spend fortunes every week. Have the people ever thought who supports all these extravagances? Each and their profits as well as the enormous expense of drayage, hauling, etc., and who ever buys a dollar's worth of goods which come through their hands gives a portion to support these nabobs in luxury and ease. Our goods are not bought for one store, but for branches in some of the principal towns in the country, and of course they are

BOUGHT CHEAPER IN SUCH LARGE QUANTITIES

than by the package or bale. We trust no man—we believe in the nimble sixpence and the almighty dollar, and do not add a dishonest neighbor's bill to the account of the man who pays cash. We are here to give you all we can for the money and do not allow corruption to get in our bones, the cock-roaches in our brains, or the dust on our goods. Work all day, and sometimes all night, and guarantee to sell you

MM MM OOOO RRRR EEEEE GGGG OOOO OOOO DDDDD SSSSS FFFFF OOOO RRRR L EEEEE SSSSS SSSSS MM MM OOOO NN N EEEEE Y Y
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THAN ANY OTHER DEALER IN ALTOONA OR BLAIR COUNTY.

THESE ARE A FEW PLAIN FACTS!

and the self-evident reason why people have so long been swindled by high prices. We are determined to override all opposition, and soon shall sit on the top rail of glory, smoking the corn-cob pipe of peace, while we watch the dying embers of old fogyism and high prices vanish away in the dim distance.

We have just opened a new feature in our house, called a

FIVE CENT COUNTER!

the greatest success of the season. Hundreds of people crowd our store daily, carrying away armsful and basketsful of small but useful articles for 5 cents each—articles that generally sell for 20 and 25c. Below we give a few of the many items on this counter for 5 cents:

	Tea and Coffee Pots.	Silver Spoons.	Fluted Plates.	Wooden Pails.	
	Whisk Brooms.	Knives and Forks.	Plain Plates.	Children's Hose.	
	Brass Knobs.	Lather Brushes.	Mason Basins.	Men's Socks.	
	Graters.	Frying Pans.	Bread Toasters.	Linen Handkerchiefs.	
	Hatchets.	Flesh Forks.	Match Safes.	Linen Napkins.	
BARGAINS	Tack Hammers.	Cake Turners.	Gravy Strainers.	Towels.	COUNTER.
ON THE	Skimmers.	Dippers.	Barrel Screws.	Wash Rags.	
FIVE	Coat Hangers.	Dust Pans.	Jack Hammers.	Machine Oilers.	
CENT	Can Openers.	Pie Pans.	Boot Jacks.	Button Hooks.	
	Plates.	Pudding Pans.	Back Combs.	Crimpers.	
	Shoe Blacking.	Jelly Pans.	Dressing Combs.	Belts.	
	Stove Polish.	Tin Cups.	Tea Strainers.	Whips.	

and a thousand and one other articles we have neither time nor space to specify. Learn wisdom, then, from these glorious promises, and with your dollars and dimes follow the crowd to the renowned Store of

BALTZELLL & ROUSS,

1226 ELEVENTH AVENUE, REAR OF LOGAN HOUSE, ALTOONA, PA.

Notice!

In the face of everything, Wanamaker & Brown increased their great Clothing business last year at Oak Hall nearly a quarter of a million dollars, and for 1879 the new plans will make the house more popular and increase the business much more. Eighteen years in the people's service at the old corner of Sixth and Market has taught us how to do the business well.

Notice!

Whatever may be said, no house in the United States sells anything like so much Clothing at Retail as Oak Hall, and no house in Philadelphia sells more than a quarter as many goods as Mr. Wanamaker sells *in Clothing alone.* Doing this large business shows the people's regard for our goods, and enables us to buy cheaply and sell at small profits.

Notice!

New patterns have been made this year and new styles introduced through Mr. Robert C. Ogden (formerly partner of the famous firm of Devlin & Co., New York), who is now associated with Oak Hall, and will give his whole energies and valuable experience to improving the manufacture of our Boys' and Men's Clothing. We do not buy Clothing like the dealers, but make it expressly for our own sales. The Spring stock is splendid, and no other make of goods, so far, have as much merit, or are sold as cheaply.

Notice!

Impressions have been erroneously given to the effect that Mr. John Wanamaker, who founded Oak Hall, is not interested in the old store, and that it does not have his attention; on the contrary, his ownership of it remains unchanged, and he has lost none of his love for it. Every day finds him supervising all its departments. Mr. William H. Wanamaker spends his entire time on the Oak Hall business.

A VISIT THIS SPRING PARTICULARLY INVITED.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

OAK HALL, 6th & Market Sts., Philad'a.

THE LARGEST CLOTHING HOUSE IN AMERICA.

THE PRICE OF CORN.—The following from the Burlington *Hawk-Eye*, conveys a sound moral in a merry way, and after being laughed at may well be soberly pondered by farmers and others who are slow to see that the laws of trade "work both ways":

"No," the honest farmer remarked, in tones of deepest dejection, "the big crops don't do us a bit of good. What's the use? Corn only thirty cents! Everybody and everything's dead set agin the farmer. Only 30 cents for corn. Why it won't pay our taxes, let alone buy us clothes. It won't buy us enough salt to put up a barrel of pork. Corn only 30 cents! By jocks, it's a livin', cold-blooded swindle on the farmer, that's what it is. It ain't worth raisin' corn for such a price as that. It's a mean low robbery." Within the next ten days that man had sold so much more of his corn than he had intended that he found he had to buy corn to feed through the winter with. The price nearly knocked him down. "What!" he yelled, "30 cents for corn! Land alive—30 cents! What are you given' us? Why I don't want to buy your farm, I only want some corn! Thirty cents for corn! Why I believe there's nobody left in this world but a set of graspin,' blood-suckin' old misers. Why, good land, you don't want to be able to buy a national bank with one corn crop! Thirty cents for corn! Well I'll let my carriage-horses run on corn-stalks all winter before I'll pay such an unheard-of' outrageous price for corn as that. Why the country's flooded with corn, and 30 cents a bushel is a blamed robbery; and I don't see how any man, looking at the crop we've had, can have the face to ask such a price.

F. A. SHOEMAKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg. Office on High street, east end of residence. [2 24,'78.-tf.]

GEO. W. OATMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Ebensburg, Cambria County, Pa.

PENSIONS, Back Pay, and Bounty. Increased Pensions, Equalized Bounty, and all Military Claims speedily collected. Real Estate bought and sold, and payment of taxes attended to. Book Accounts, Notes, Due Bills, Judgments, Rents, &c., collected. Deeds, Mortgages, Agreements, Letters of Attorney, Bonds, &c., neatly written, and all legal business carefully attended to on reasonable terms. ☞ Special attention given to all kinds of business in the Orphans' Court, and the settlement of Accounts of *Executors, Administrators, Guardians, Trustees,* and *Assignees.* [2-14,'79-3m.*]

WM. H. SECHLER, *Attorney at Law,* Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonade Row, (recently occupied by Wm. Kittell Esq.,) Centre street. [1-24,'78.-tf.]

GEO M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law,* Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. [2-27,'72.]

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.—To clean painted walls use oxgall fluid

To keep hinges from creaking, rub them with soap.

To keep milk sweet, put in a spoonful of grated horseradish.

Rancid butter may be sweetened by being washed in lime water.

Cloves in black ink will prevent mold from collecting on it.

Rub magnesia or French chalk on greasy silk ribbon, hold near fire, and brush off grease.

Chloroform is very useful in removing great stains from light silk and poplin. French chalk is also very good. To clean black cashmere, wash in hot suds with a little borax in the water; rinse in blueing water—very blue—and iron while damp. It will look equal to new.

Ha tshorn will restore the color of woolen garments without injury. Turpentine removes grease or paint from cloth; apply till paint can be scraped off.

To clean black lace, squeeze softly and often in skimmed milk; when it seems clean put it in clean skimmed milk, squeeze again, lay it on sheets of stiff paper, draw out scollope and edges with finger, cover with stiff paper and a heavy weight.

All the starch in potatoes is found very near the surface; the heart contains but little nutriment. Ignorance of this fact may form a plausible excuse for those who cut off thick parings, but none to those who know better. Circulate the injunction, "P are thin the potato skin."

CHARACTERISTICS OF ANIMALS.—All animals are neat by habit—even the hog, which has been unjustly esteemed the very type of filth. We can think of no animal that does not look neat when in its free, normal condition. Even the toad, that makes its house in the dirt, when he comes forth from his hiding-place, looks as slick as a new pin, and not a particle of dirt sticks to the eel, though he plows in the sand for his living. The woodchuck burrows in the sand hill and, though he has no wash-bowl, no towel nor comb, nor brush, who ever saw one dirty or with hair disheveled? The whole feathered creation are as careful of their personal appearance and as nice and tidy in their dress as a bride. It is only in their domestic abnormal condition that the interior animals look filthy and are filthy; and here it is not their fault, but their misfortune. They are under the dominion of men, subject to their mercy, which sometimes is cruelty, and too seldom is considerate kindness.

RELIEF FOR INDIGESTION.—After a long illness, when the appetite first returns, solid food is apt to bring on indigestion, accompanied by violent pain. The only relief for this is to use half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, dissolved in half a goblet of water, and a teaspoontul of essence of peppermint, taking a wineglass every ten minutes till relieved.

WHERE FALSE HAIR COMES FROM.

False hair having come to be recognized as a necessity of the modern female existence, it may be of interest to learn how this constantly increasing want is supplied. Live hair, bought "on foot" (to use the technical term of the trade), constitutes but a very small percentage of the stock in market, as there are few women who are willing to part with their locks for money, and those who have superfluous locks to spare grow fewer year after year. When second-hand tresses were needed merely to furnish wigs for a few elderly ladies, agents found no difficulty in securing a sufficiency among the peasant maids of Auvergne and Brittany. The present demand, however, greatly exceeds the supply and it is asserted that Paris alone uses more than all the available crop in France, and that Marseilles (the great center of traffic in hair) deals with Spain, the Orient and the two Sicilies for forty tons a year of dark hair, of which she makes upwards of 65,000 chignons annually. Under the name of "dead hair" are classed the "combings," which thrifty servant girls save up and sell, the clippings of barber shops, faded curls, worn out switches, etc. The scavengers of every city, both at home and abroad, value nothing short of a silver spoon among the refuse so much as a snarl of combings, however dirty, as it will find a ready sale. Such findings are afterward washed with bran and potash, carded, sifted, classed and sorted, and then made into the cheap front curls, puffs chignons that abound in market. Much of this enters into the cheaper grades of the 350,000 "pieces" annually made in France, of which enormous trade England is said to be the best customer, and America almost as good. Late reports on the commerce of Swatow, China, show that a large export trade in "dead" hair, gathered in the stalls of barbers, sprang up in 1873, during which year 18,800 pounds were exported to Europe. In 1875 the export of this refuse arose to 134,000 pounds, with a commercial value of over $25,000. It is an undoubted fact, too, that pauper corpses are often despoiled of their hair to meet this same demand of an increasing commerce. Those, then, who sport other than their own natural locks, can never be sure whether these are redolent of the sepulchre, the gutter, or the servant girl's comb.—*Scientific American.*

WHAT THE EYE INDICATES.—Size with the eye, as with the brain, is generally conceded to be a measure of capacity. A large eye has a wider range of vision, as it unquestionably has of expression, than a small one. A large eye will take in more at a glance though perhaps with less attention to details, than a small one. Generally speaking large eyes see things in general, and small eyes in particular. The one sees many things as a whole, considering them in a philosophical or speculative way, often seeing through and beyond them; the other sees lower things, but usually looks keenly into them, and is appreciative of detail. Some eyes, however, look at everything and yet see nothing. Fullness of the eye, causing a bulging of the lower eyelid, as is well-known, is a sign of language. Persons with this sign have not only a speaking eye but also a speaking tongue, whereof their fellows do not long remain in ignorance. A general projection or fullness of the eye above and below, which brings the eyeball forward on a line with the face and eyebrow, denotes the quality of physical perception, or the capicity to see quickly whatever appears on the surface of things. A person with such an eye would, on entering a room for the first time, note rapidly the shape, size, arrangement and general appearance of the different articles of furniture in it, the color of the walls, curtains, ornaments, etc., take in with equal facility the features, color of the hair and eyes, size and appearance of any person who might be present. In looking at a picture such a person would at once incline to examine the details of color, number, grouping, attitude and costume of the figures composing it.

COOKED OR UNCOOKED FOOD.—Prof. Farrington of the Main State Agricultural College, has just concluded a series of experiments which were begun nine years ago by Samuel Johnson, then farm superintendent, for the purpose of ascertaining the relative feeding value of cooked and uncooked meal for swine. The trials have been carried on several months each year, the greatest care being taken that no food